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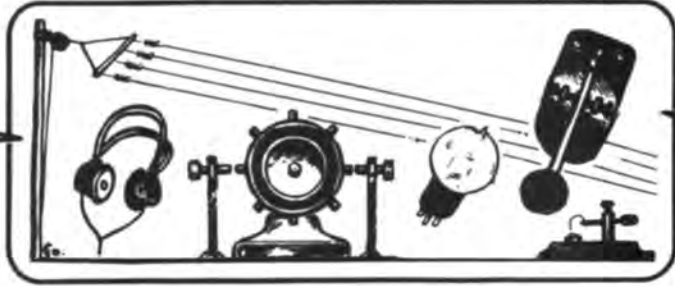


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SPARKS JOURNAL

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POLDHU



MARCONI

RECORDING THE EARLY HISTORY & DEVELOPMENT OF THE WIRELESS

VOLUME 3, NO. 4

SPARKS - JOURNAL - QUARTERLY

"SOS - CQD" EDITION #1 - 1980

SOS : CQD : SOS : CQD : SOS : CQD




The "SOS"




TRANSITION OF DISTRESS CALLS

- 1899 - "HELP" (SPELLED OUT) EAST GOODWIN LIGHT SHIP.
- 1903 SSSDDD ITALIANS
- 1903 SOE - GERMANS
- 1904 CQD - MARCONI R/T CO ENGLAND.
- 1909 SOS - US SHIPS
- 1912 SOS ADOPTED FOR INTERNATIONAL USE AT THE BERLIN INT'L. R/T CONVENTION.


- MAYDAY - (VOICE) SAME AS SOS
- SSSS - SUBMARINE SIGHTED
- QQQQ - ATTACK FROM UNDERSEAS
- RRRR - ENEMY SURFACE ATTACK
- AAAA - ENEMY AIR ATTACK
- SEE STORY ON PAGE - 4



SOS



JACK PHILLIPS



F. J. KUHN

"SOS"—Unspoken anguish
Wings the message o'er the waves!
While men's spirits droop and languish
Facing death in watery graves!


But the hero's soul, afire,
Brooks no thought of death or fear;
His the one, the sole desire
That the sister ship shall hear.

Hear him call! and swiftly heeding,
Answer his persistent calls—
"Save our people," he keeps pleading—
Pleading!—Then the silence falls.


Speed the rescuers; and tireless
Snatch their brethren from the deep!
While the hero at the wireless
Rests now in immortal sleep.

There's another meaning dwelling
In those letters "SOS";
"Sons of succor," they are spelling
Heroes of the wireless.


CHARLES J. MASON.




DONALD PERKINS



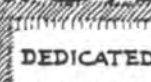
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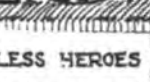
W. SEDDON



C. I. PENNINGTON



JACK BINNS



ROBERT EMMET

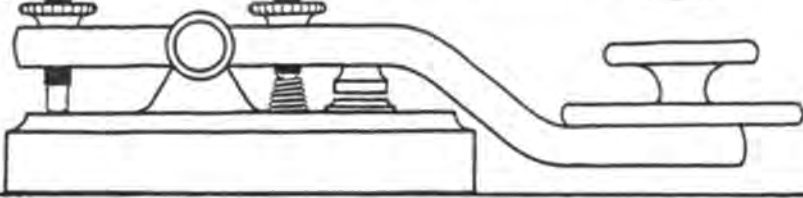
DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF ALL THE WIRELESS HEROES

A PROUD HERITAGE

There are few if any activities in the field of mankind that require the calm cool courage of a wireless man in time of real emergency. Their devotion to duty and dedication to the upholding of a tradition established long ago where their expert skill and dexterity under the most trying of conditions has left its proud heritage on those who have chosen a career in this profession. During the past 80 plus years, there have been thousands of times that help has been brought to ships in dire emergencies. Ships stranded or sinking with thousands on board whose only hope of survival was the calm efficient know-how and work of the Radio Officer at the key. The same applies to members of our craft who have upheld the tradition while under fire in battle, both at sea and on land. It covers men and women of all nationalities, dedicated to the cause.

Early Days of The Wireless - A Historical Record

SPARKS JOURNAL



Society of Wireless Pioneers, Inc.

P.O. Box 530 - SANTA ROSA, CALIF., 95402 - U.S.A.

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SOS-CQD (#1) EDITION

The Badge of a "Pro"



Worn with Honor

THIS NEW PIN IDENTIFIES MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF WIRELESS PIONEERS AROUND THE WORLD. IT IS A BEAUTIFUL AND UNIQUE TYPE OF PIN - CARRYING THE FLAG, SO TO SPEAK, TO IDENTIFY ALL WHO WEAR THEM. HUNDREDS OF OUR MEMBERS HAVE PURCHASED THEM AND NOW WEARING THEM WITH PRIDE AND HONOR. WE ARE INDEED HAPPY TO HAVE THEM AVAILABLE IN OUR "SLOP-CHEST" FOR MEMBERS.

THE PIN (LAPEL) MEASURES 7/81 wide BY 7/16" HIGH WITH MILITARY CLUTCH BACK. THE BACKGROUND IS RICH ROYAL BLUE ENAMEL AND THE FLASH IS BRIGHT YELLOW. THE METAL BORDER WITH METAL LINES AND LETTERING ARE ALL 24-KARAT GOLD PLATED AND THEY ARE ORNATE WITHOUT BEING OUT OF GOOD TASTE.

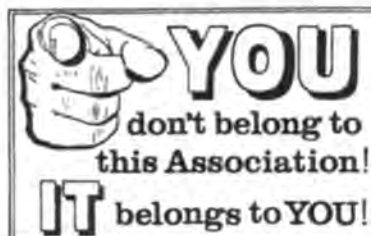
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SPARKS JOURNAL

***** The "Wireless" - Our Proud Heritage! *****

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HERO OF THE TITANIC



JOHN GEORGE PHILLIPS

The Wireless Hero of the "Titanic"

Marconi wireless operator John George (Jack) Phillips to whom more than 700 survivors of the ill-fated liner owe their lives. Phillips remained at his post long after his captain had urged him to abandon his cabin. His junior operator, Harold Bride, survived the disaster.

(Photo courtesy Marconi International Marine, Ltd.)



The SOS-CQD EDITION

Part One

This Edition is dedicated to those of the profession who died in the line of duty. Those brave souls who remained at their post of duty to save the lives of their shipmates. We also recognize those who were called upon in time of emergency and did not fail.



SPARKS

(Reprinted from *The Compass*, Socony Mobil Oil Company's Magazine of the Sea.)

OF ALL the brave men, known and unknown, who gave their lives in World War II, none are more deserving of the word "hero" than those radio operators of the world's merchant marine who stayed at their posts, sending out calls for help while their vessels sank beneath them. Their heroic deeds, though well known, have never been fully acknowledged.

For example, there's the story of Andrew Tocco, "Sparks," of the *Alcoa Pathfinder*. On the 22nd of November, 1912, at 0110 and about 30 miles south of Lourenco Marques, his heavily laden ship was torpedoed. The "fish" hit abeam the engine room killing all hands on watch below. As the ship began to sink rapidly, Tocco ran to the radio shack, turned on the auxiliary power and commenced sending out an SOS with the *Pathfinder's* position. He must have realized how small his chances of survival were but still he carried on. The ship sank in five minutes. Tocco went down with it, still trying to obtain assistance.

The Liberty ship *Melville Stone* was steaming through the Caribbean with a load of copper, tungsten and vanadium when two torpedoes hit her at 0100, November 24th, 1943. One torpedo washed out the engine room and all the lights. Radio operator Peter A. Carrier turned on the emergency power in the radio shack and began sending out the ship's position. Captain Lawrence J. Gallagher stood beside the instrument panel holding a flashlight so that Carrier could speed his job.

In six minutes the heavily laden *Stone* was gone with only a lifeboat and a few pieces of debris to mark where it had been last seen.

The messages which Carrier dispatched in those precious minutes while the ship was sinking are credited with directing a patrol vessel to the scene, resulting in the rescue of most of the crew. Because he helped his radio operator instead of obtaining a life jacket and seeking a place in the lifeboat, Captain Gallagher went down with his ship as did so many before him.

If a memorial is ever raised to those unsung heroes of the war at sea, the names of John Leahan and Arnold Tangen should lead the list. These men stayed at their posts in the radio room of the transport *Henry S. Mallory* when it was torpedoed and sunk, one of the most tragic ship disasters of the war.

The *Mallory* was a United States Army Transport Service vessel manned by a civilian crew. She was bound from New York for Iceland with 400 troops, 74 merchant seamen and 33 Navy Armed Guard gunners. Because of her large human cargo, the ship was assigned an inside position in the convoy. She was the third ship in the third column among 65 transports and freighters. This favored position did not save the *Mallory*, for a torpedo found her at 0355 on February 7th, 1943, when the convoy was 510 miles south of Iceland.

The night was bitterly cold. The wintry sea, which registered 28°F., was running heavily as the *Mallory* quickly began to settle by the stern. The exploding torpedo which had ripped a tremendous hole in her just abaft the engine room, also killed many of the troops quartered in that area. All was chaos, yet there was organization in the chaos which resulted in the saving of many lives which would have otherwise been lost.

Topside, the heavy seas smashed the starboard side lifeboats. The remaining ones were terribly overcrowded; only 10 boats to accommodate more than 500 men. Third Mate Robert Trenoweth calmly took charge of getting the boats away. Survivors said that he appeared to be merely directing a routine boat drill, not fighting for survival on the angry North Atlantic.

There were many incidents of heroism aboard this sinking transport. Several crewmen went below to try and rescue Marines who were trapped in their quarters. The ship sank before they could get back on deck. Able Seaman Walter J. Carson found a Navy gunner with a broken back and carried him on deck to a place in one of the boats. Seaman Enas Chandler led several dazed soldiers from the berthing spaces to the boat deck then went back for more. Cadet Joseph Best, Jr., took charge of a lifeboat with the skill of a Cape Horn sailor. And Captain Horace R. Weaver refused to leave the bridge saying his post was on the ship as long as it held passengers and crew.

While these acts of heroism were in progress, Leahan and Tangen were at their posts in the radio room. They knew their ship hadn't long to live. The lights were getting dim and the deck was canting. The shouts and cries of the soldiers and the thump of boots in the passageways must have served as an almost irresistible call to leave their hopeless though important task and run for the open deck. But they served a noble tradition of the sea. Their post was in the radio room as long as there were people aboard ship and messages to send. And in the radio room they stayed even as the lights went out and the *Mallory* plunged toward the bottom.

Throughout the war this phrase was to be seen in the official reports of torpedoed ships: "When last seen, the radio operator was still in the radio room." No greater sacrifice can be asked of any man.

In peace time too, the heroic exploits of the man known as "sparks" are

legend. Many a potential disaster has been turned into a fairly routine rescue simply because the radio operator stuck to his post and went about the business of calling for help when he could just as easily have taken to the boats and let the ship and its people fend for themselves. In the face of raging fires, in wild gales with the ship breaking-up under his feet, he has stayed at his "bug" more than once to sacrifice his life so that others might live to see another day.

Compared with the long period of maritime history, the time which has passed since Mr. Marconi's little wireless crackled out its first weak message is extremely short. Yet in this short time, a new member of the crew has made a place for himself comparable in importance to most other jobs aboard ship. He has fitted in and by so doing, built a tradition for himself, for his position. And in spite of the vast electronic advances made and even in the light of probable future developments, no one wants to go to sea without him.

To "sparks" then, *The Compass* dips its colors as a salute to an indispensable man. Your contributions to safety and the preservation of life at sea, even in the face of disaster, have been many. As your shipmates would say, no matter on which ship you serve or under what flag, "It's nice to have you aboard."

Thanks to member Anton B. "Andy" Anderson - 1566-P for sending "SPARKS", a reprint from Socony Mobil's "Magazine of the Sea" which we have been permitted to use



Transitions--From Wireless to Radio, and CQD to SOS

By

Henry W. Dickow SSGP-3

Tales of the Wireless Pioneers

Transitions - From Wireless to Radio, and CQD to SOS

Recorded history does not document the date when the designation radio superseded wireless, yet the expression radio appeared in scientific literature as early as 1891.

It is generally agreed that the transition followed the enactment of Public Law No. 262, introduced before the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, under the title S-7021, which reads as follows:

"An act to require apparatus and operators for radiocommunication on certain ocean steamships."
The date was June, 1910.

It was not until 1912, however, that the U.S. Navy issued a directive that the expression radio would replace wireless thereafter.

Immediately following the enactment of Public Law 262, in 1910, the word radio appeared as part of a newly-organized company; The Radio Telephone Company of 66 Broad Street, New York. This company had a chain of 13 stations under construction or in operation, all call letters beginning with the letter X. Its main station in New York was X A S.

There are other contentions that wireless became radio with the advent of the de Forest audion tube in 1906, and thus the birth of a new era of communications.

In England, however, wireless is still wireless.

And it was not until World War I that the nameplates on the doors of the wireless cabins in American ships were changed from wireless to radio.

The Origin of SOS

The first wireless distress signal was HELP - sent when the steamer R.F. Mathews ran into the East Goodwin lightship. A wireless dispatch to the East Foreland lighthouse brought lifeboats to the scene of the disaster, and all on board were rescued. The date was March 3, 1899.

Then, on December 10, 1905, the first use of a distress call by an American vessel was made by the Relief Ship No. 58 on station at Nantucket Shoals.

The radio staff on board the lightship was composed of three naval electricians, Chief Electrician Burbank, 2nd Class Electrician C.J. Blankenship, and 2nd Class Electrician William E. Snyder. Snyder says that he broadcast the word HELP in both American Morse and the International Code, since no distress call existed at that time. He added: "Nantucket Shoals Lightship in distress, send aid from anywhere."

This call for help brought the lighthouse tender Azalea to the scene of the disaster in a roaring gale. Both small vessels were tossed about like canoes during the maneuvers incident to shooting a line to the sinking lightship. The crew was rescued, and ten minutes later the lightship sank. Wireless chalked up its first American victory at sea.*

The need of an international distress signal was first envisioned by the Italians at a conference held in Berlin in 1903. They suggested the letters SSSDDD. No action was taken, and the matter found its way on the agenda for a formal conference to be held in Berlin in 1906. The 1903 conference did, however, insert its final protocol that "Wireless telegraph stations must, unless there is a material impossibility, give priority to calls for help which come to them from ships."

HENRY W. DICKOW



Author

HENRY W. "DICK" DICKOW

Many "Old-Timers" will remember Mr. Dickow as an Editor and Publisher in the Wireless and Amateur Radio field, second only to Hugo Gernsback. "Pacific Radio News" which later became "Radio" enjoyed world-wide circulation circa 1917 to 1930. "Dick" enjoyed a very eventful, busy, rewarding life. His last "Project" the publishing of a 5-volume series "TALES OF THE WIRELESS PIONEERS" was donated to Bill Brenimah when Dick became a Silent Key April 17 1971..

Origin of CQD

In 1904 the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company took it upon itself to fill the need for a distress call, by instructing all its operators, on and after February 1, 1904, to use the signal CQD when any ship is in distress or in need of aid. It was further ordered that this signal must be sent only with the approval of the captain, and "any mis-use of the call will result in the instant dismissal of the person improperly employing it."

The signal CQD was adopted because the British operators came mostly from the telegraph and railroad offices, or from the British Post Office Department, and had deserted their keys to seek employment at sea in the fascinating new field of wireless. They brought along with them not only their Morse code but also many of their telegraphic abbreviations and signals. One was the general call CQ, which had been used to attract attention to all operators along a wire. It preceded the time signal in the morning at 10 o'clock and also all notices of general importance. CQ went to sea and became a general call of all ships.

Soon it was found that CQ at sea did not express the urgency so essential when disaster strikes, because its characteristics were not attention-compelling. The letter D was added, perhaps to signify Danger, and the result was CQD . . . "General Call Danqer," or Distress.

The 1904 ruling by British Marconi that the new signal CQD be used in all ships fitted with its apparatus was opposed by the Germans, who complained that it fell short of a compelling, easily-recognized call which would stand out head and shoulders above anything else sent into the ether. The Germans had been using SOE in place of CQD, adding greatly to the confusion. The Americans suggested the letters MC, already a part of the International Signal Code for visual signalling, and which was interpreted as "Call for help without delay, in distress." Although found unsuitable, the same signal is in use today when flags are displayed or wig-wag resorted to.*

SOS First Used

It was not until 1908 that SOS was first sent into the ether, while the old CQD was not easily forgotten. The British, who originated it, were loath to give it up. Jack Binns used CQD in 1909 when the Republic was rammed by the Florida, and Jack Phillips used both CQD and SOS when the Titanic went down in 1912.

(Continued on Page - 5)

* "SOS To The Rescue" by Karl Baarslag

W.E. Reker & Henry F. Wiehr

The Story of the Wireless Operator who Sacrificed His Life to Live up to His Ideals of Duty



WAS - Admiral Sampson

Heroes of the . . . S.S. Admiral Sampson

THE name of W. E. Reker has been added to the list of Marconi men who died as heroes. He was senior wireless operator on the steamship Admiral Sampson, which sank off Point-no-Point, near Seattle, Wash., after coming into collision with the Princess Victoria, resulting in the loss of eight lives. While the Sampson was foundering he made his way to the captain on the bridge, preferring to share whatever fate overtook his commander rather than seek safety by leaving the doomed craft. And on the vessel he remained, even as the waters claimed the ship for their own.

Not less praiseworthy was the conduct of H. F. Wiehr, junior Marconi operator on the Sampson. He stayed on the vessel until the last, finally being compelled to jump over the side. He was picked up by one of the lifeboats.

The Sampson, owned by the Pacific Alaska Navigation Company, was feeling her way carefully along her course soon before five o'clock on the morning

of August 25. The majority of the passengers were asleep in their berths, but some, aroused by the siren, had come on deck. The Princess Victoria, of the Canadian Pacific line, was also making her way through the fog in much the same cautious manner as the Sampson.

The fog whistles on both vessels were sounded continuously, according to reports of the accident, but the thick mist blanketed the warnings. Neither ship was steaming faster than approximately three miles an hour when the crash occurred. The Victoria rammed the Sampson, a steel vessel, directly on a line with the after hatch, cut three-fourths of the way through her and opened a 12-foot gash in the steel plates of the former, in which the cover of the Sampson's after hatch was still jammed when the Canadian Pacific liner arrived in Seattle with the survivors.

With the impact the Sampson began to fill, and the captain of the Victoria, realizing the danger of the doomed ship,

rang for slow speed ahead and kept the bow of the Victoria jammed in the gaping wound. The vessels were so close together that the majority of the Sampson's passengers were able to climb on board the Victoria. The bow of the Victoria entered the side of the Sampson at a point where a considerable quantity of fuel oil was stored and crushed several large containers. They were set ablaze and in an instant both vessels were enveloped in flames. For a time it seemed as if both the Victoria and the Sampson would be destroyed by fire. The Victoria, however, soon backed away and stood by to pick up the passengers that were being lowered to the water in boats. When the Victoria backed away the gap in the Sampson's side was left uncovered and the latter began to settle. She went to the bottom four minutes after she was struck.

In the meantime the wireless operator on the Victoria had not been idle. He sent out an SOS call which was picked up at the Marconi station at Seattle by A. E. Wolf, and established communication with the steamship Admiral Wat-

son. The first information that came by wireless was to the effect that the Sampson and Victoria were in collision. Then came a marconigram saying that the Sampson had gone to the bottom. The Unalga left Port Townsend when news of the accident was received and began a search for bodies. Among the victims of the accident was Z. M. Moore, captain of the Sampson. Only two passengers out of a total of fifty-four lost their lives.

Operator Wiehr, who was on duty when the collision occurred, immediately awakened Reker. The latter had every opportunity of finding a way to safety with the remainder of the survivors. Wiehr last saw the senior operator a minute before the Sampson sank. At that time Reker was leaving the social hall. Reker was seen on the bridge with Captain Z. M. Moore of the Sampson a few minutes previously. The senior operator did not possess a life preserver and was unable to swim.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20)

The Origin of "SOS"

(Continued from Page - 4)

The first American vessel to send an SOS call was the 3,500-ton passenger-freighter Arapahoe of the Clyde Line. The signal was sent on August 11, 1909, by Theodore D. Haubner, a 19-year-old operator. The Arapahoe, carrying 150 passengers, snapped its propeller shaft in a heavy gale off Cape Hatteras while bound from New York to Charleston, and she drifted helplessly towards Diamond Shoals.

Haubner had been notified that SOS would be substituted for CQD only one day previously, and his instructions were to the effect that the transition would be permanent. His distress call brought the Iriquois to the rescue, and the Arapahoe was towed safely to port. Then, by one of the quirks of history, this same SOS signal was on a later occasion sent out by the Iriquois. . . and to her assistance came the Arapahoe.

The earphones used by Haubner are now in the radio apparatus exhibit of the Ford Museum, Mission Institute, in Dearborn, Michigan.

Haubner died in his home at Montclair, New Jersey, on March 5, 1963 at age 72.

Although the first SOS was sent in 1909, it was not until 1912 that it came into general use.

The distress call is not in fact SOS, but rather an unbroken series of three dots three dashes three dots, without pause, thus: ●●● — — — ●●●

Its characteristics, especially when repeated several times, are such as to be readily distinguishable and quickly recognizable by the listener.

In the Continental Code, the letter S is made up of three dots, the letter O of three dashes. If the dots are separated from the dashes with a space between, the resulting combination would read SOS. But the signal is not transmitted in this manner, nor was it intended to be. It is an unbroken, rhythmic "swing" or roll of a combination of dots and dashes which commands immediate attention when heard, for it is unlike anything else ordinarily intercepted.

The distress signal is neither an abbreviation or a contraction. It does not signify Save Our Ship, or Save Our Souls.

1912 Berlin Convention

The signal SOS was made mandatory on May 25, 1912, immediately following the sinking of the Titanic, by the Berlin International Radiotelegraph Convention. The United States became signatory to the Convention on August 28, 1912, when the President of the United States decreed that "every article and clause thereof...be observed and fulfilled with good faith by the United States and the citizens thereof.

The new Rule read as follows:

"Ships in distress shall make the following signal:

●●● — — — ●●●

repeated at brief intervals."

The Rule did not refer to the signal as SOS, but as was stated earlier, three dots three dashes three dots.

Additionally it was stated: "As soon as a station receives the signal of distress it shall cease all correspondence and not resume it until after it has been made sure that the correspondence to which the call for assistance has given rise is terminated.

"In case the ship in distress adds to the end of the series of her calls the call letters of a particular station, the answer to the call should be incumbent on that station alone. If the call for assistance does not specify any particular station, every station receiving such calls shall be bound to answer it."

— 30 —

* "SOS To The Rescue" by Karl Baarslag

THE SOS - CQD RECORD

PART TWO

CONTINUED FROM

PORTS O' CALL IV

SS M. F. ELLIOTT (Esso) 1941 DSV
Opr. Edward M. Stetson, 918-V. No details available.

SS MANHATTAN (Esso) 1941 DSV
Opr. Edward M. Stetson, 918-V. Details NA.

1942

SS EL CIERVO (English) Aug. 3rd
Torpedoed and damaged by aircraft close to Dartmouth in the English Channel. Details NA.

SS CHATHAM/KGAN Aug. 27th
Sunk in Belle Island St. Details NA.

WW-2 - 1941-45

SS CHARLES PRATT/KSQ WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Clement A. Luckenbach was saved after sending his convoy call of distress.

SS ESSO NASHVILLE/WSOG WW-2
Torpedoed and sunk but Opr. Tjomas R. Rheil got off his convoy distress call and survived.

WW-2 - 1941-45

SS ESSO MANHATTAN WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Winthrop C. Anderson got off his convoy distress call and survived.

SS ESSO HOUSTAN/WPKO WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Bruno Mauer got off his convoy distress call and survived.

SS ESSO HARRISBURG WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Winthrop C. Anderson got off his convoy distress call and survived.

SS ESSO COPENHAGEN/HPKP WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Knud Moeller got off his convoy distress signal and survived only to go down in another ship.

SS ESSO BOSTON/WPKM WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Robert E. Callan got off his convoy distress signal and survived.

SS ESSO BATON ROUGE/WPKJ WW2
Torpedoed but Michael J. Reilly got off his convoy distress call and lived.

SS ESSO AUGUSTA/WTKC WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Charles H. Reilly got off his convoy distress call and survived.

SS ESSO ARUBA/WDEK WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Bobby M. Pouncey got off his convoy distress call and was saved.

SS E.J. SADLER/KGAC WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Eugene G. Osborne got off his convoy distress call and was saved.

WW-2 - 1941-45

SS E.G. SEUBERT/WRGD WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Lief C. Erickson was saved after getting off his convoy distress call.

SS ESSO GETTYSBURG WW-2
Torpedoed and sunk. Opr. Weston C. Pound went down with the ship after sending the convoy distress call.

SS E.L. DRAKE WW-2
Torpedoed and sunk carrying down Opr. Fred C. Hansen.

SS E.M. CLARK/KGAB WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Earle J. Schlarb got off his convoy distress signal and lived to go through another sinking.

SS ESSO BOLIVAR/HPGV WW-2
Opr. Alvis Jones went down with ship which was torpedoed. Jones got off the convoy distress call instead of SOS.

SS ESSO WILLIAMSBURG WW-2
Torpedoed and carried down Opr. Leam Gayle.

SS F.W. ABRAMS/KDGZ WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Eldon E. McCarthy got off his convoy distress call and survived.

SS FRANKLYN K. LANE/KDLH WW-2
Torpedoed and sank with Opr. Stonic V. Lowry after he sent the convoy distress call.

SS GEO. H. JONES/KIPS WW-2
Torpedoed but Oprs. A.M. Arthurs, J.A. McDowal and A. Gregg got off their convoy distress call and survived.

WW-2 - 1941-45

SS GEORGE G. HENRY/WIT WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Albert L. Brown got off his convoy distress call and survived.



SS H.H. ROGERS/KSI WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Thomas B. Thompson got off his convoy distress call and lived.

SS HEINRICH V. RIEDMANN/HPFV WW2
Torpedoed but Opr. Charles C. Young got off his convoy distress call and saved.

SS HANSEAT/HPFK WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Svend P. Mohr got off his convoy distress call and was saved.

SS HARRY G. SEIDEL/HPFO WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. William Cain got off his convoy distress call and survived.

SS I.C. WHITE/HPNT WW-2
Opr. George R. Dickens got off his convoy distress call and was saved after ship was torpedoed.

SS JOSEPH SEEP/KDJV WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Eric Clogg got off the convoy distress call and survived.

SS J.A. MOWINCKEL/HPFL WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Maurice W. Peters got off convoy distress call and survived.

SS JOHN WORTHINGTON/KDMN WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Irving B. Goldfinger got off convoy distress call and survived.

SS J.A. MOFFETT, JR./WRE WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. George W. Sublette got off convoy distress call and survived.
WW-2 - 1941-45

SS JAMES MCGEE/KTP WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Crawford H. Brierley got off his convoy distress call and lived.

SS J.H. SENIOR/HPFD WW-2
Torpedoed and sank carrying down Opr. Knud C. Mueller.

SS LEDA/HPFF WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Sigurd Hansen got off the convoy distress call and survived.

SS PERSEPHONE/HPFT WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Henry De Geynst got off convoy distress call and was saved.

SS PENELOPE/HPFW WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Birger Larsen got off his convoy distress call and was saved.

SS PAUL H. HARDWOOD/KJJO WW2
Torpedoed but Opr. Nolen L. Cooper got off his convoy distress call and lived.

SOS : CQD : SOS : CQD : SOS : CQD

SOS/CQD RECORD WW-2 TO 1975

SS R.W. GALLAGHER/WPKP WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Clayton Knight got off convoy distress call and was saved.

SS R.P. RESOR/WOGQ WW-2
Torpedoed and sunk carrying down Opr. Clarence E. Armstrong after he sent the convoy distress call.

SS S.B. HUNT/KJXC WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Frank K. Russell got off convoy distress call and was saved.

SS T.C. McCOBB/WOGU WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Lawrence R. Diener got off convoy distress call and saved.

SS THALIA/KGRQ WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Sigurd Hansel got off convoy distress call and was saved.

WW-2 - 1941-45

SS T.J. WILLIAMS/HPQP WW-2
Torpedoed but Oprs. W.H. Parrott (1st), Don M. Stickland (2nd) and R. Hanson (3rd) got off their convoy distress call and were saved.

SS W.L. STEED/WSEE WW-2
Torpedoed and carried down Opr. Francis E. Siltz after he sent the convoy distress call.

SS W.C. TEAGLE/HPNI (Br.) WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Norman D. Houston was able to get off his convoy distress message and survived to survive another sinking.

SS WILLIAM ROCKERFELLER/KWO WW2
Torpedoed but Opr. Percy C. Neal able to get off convoy distress call and survived.

SS C.O. STILLMAN/HPGQ WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Ernest Gannett saved after sending convoy distress call.

SS C.J. DARKSDULL/HPOM WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Rosario S. Gauthier went down with the ship after sending the convoy distress call.

SS BENJ. BREWSTER/WOCK WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Francis J. Abel was saved after sending convoy distress call.

SS BEACONLIGHT/HPNQ WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Rosario S. Gauthier got off his convoy distress call and was saved to go down in another sinking. (See SS C.J. Darksdull above)

SS ALLEN JACKSON/KDOH WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Stephen Verbonich was saved after sending convoy distress call.

WW-2 - 1941-45

SS ARRIAGA WW-2
Torpedoed but Opr. Earle J. Schlarb was saved after getting off convoy distress call

EMIDIO/KDTJ (Tanker) WW-2
Off the Oregon coast shot at by Jap. sub. Operators SOS brought U.D. army bombers which drove sub off but not before the tanker was hit. Two were killed, three drowned and six badly injured.

1946

SS CROWN REEFER Jan. 27th
Hit Amchitka Island, Alaska. 39 of crew saved by SS Elk Basin. Ship lost.

SS YUKON/WCCZ (Old Call WWS) Feb 4
Wrecked in a bad storm near Cape Fair-weather, SW Alaska. Broke in two. Operator got off his SOS which brought the USCG Cutter Onondaga whose good work saved 446 passengers and crew, only 11 were lost.

SS DONBASS (Russian) Feb. 17th
Broke in two in the Gulf of Alaska with the loss of the entire crew. Strangely both sections of the ship were salvaged.

SS SANDY LAKE March DSV
Opr. Oliver K. Robinson, 631-PA. De-tails NA.

USS YP-636 Sept. 12th
Wrecked in fog off Half Moon Bay, Calif. All saved but ship lost with a valuable cargo of atomic specimens collected after the atomic blast at Bikini atoll.

1947

SS ALASKA/KFIM Feb. 2nd
Driving ashore in raging gale in Orca Bay, Alaska, with a big hole in #1 hold she was able to make Cordova. Crew, passengers and ship saved.

SS NORTH SEA/WDHT Feb. 13th
Grounded near Bella Bella, B.C. All saved but ship sunk.

SS NOVADOC (Canadian) March 3rd
Reported 22 miles east of Portland, Maine and vanished with no trace.

1947

SS NORTHERN VOYAGER July 15th
Grounded near Juneau, Alaska. Crew and ship saved.

USSB DIAMOND KNOT Aug. 13th
Collided with Fenn Victory off Port Angeles, Wash. Opr. sent SOS which brought several tugs and crew was saved but the Diamond Knot went down with 150,000 cases of salmon making the largest insurance claim at that time. But finally salvors sucked 200,000 cans through a hose. Quite a unique way of salvaging.

SS MARIA/WDLO Nov. 3rd
Ship's engines broke down entering the Scheldt River going to Antwerp. Albano Leal, 235-V, sent SOS.



THE fire started amidships. The boilers burst. The engines stopped. Two hundred on board—and not a ship in sight. But plenty within hearing—by radio. Long before it was known whether they could save the ship, another heard the S.O.S.—speeded up—rescued the passengers—and when the fire was out, took the disabled ship in tow.

USAT LT 788/AMVU Nov. 12th
The LT-788 lost tow of St. Albans Victory in Lat. 37.16.05, N. Long. 75.08 West in rough seas. No lights. St. Albans Victory had 12 men aboard when bridles broke. WSL responded to SOS sent by R/O Joseph W. Borelli, 1907-PA, and Coast Guard Cutter Ingham came to assistance. Maintained comm. using Walkie-Talkie fcy 5327.5 NMN and NRDL (Collins Equipt. giving trouble.) Worked from wings of the bridge and then back to radio for ctc with cutter. Injured crewmen removed from St. Albans Victory and ship towed to Hampton Roads.

SS CLARKSDALE VICTORY Nov. 25th
Lost off British Columbia near Graham Island on account of being 25 miles off course. 49 were lost and only 8 saved.

1948

SS FORT DEARBORN/KCDQ Mar. 12
Enroute San Francisco to Shanghai. Ship broke in two in severe storm about 800 miles northwest of Honolulu. Twelve lives lost. Opr. Henry F. Wiehr, 82-SGP sent SOS from suitcase type xtr and makeshift antenna which was heard approx. 300 miles.

USAT PVT. WM. M. THOMAS/AMSX Spring 1948 DSV
Aground outside entrance SW Pass, Mississippi River. Pulled out of mud by digging 29 days. 600 passengers aboard removed. Opr. Sidney S. Thomas, 1461-PA.

SS LETITIA LYKES May or June DSV
Ship went aground at Cabo de Gata on southeast coast of Spain. Remained there for 6 weeks. Opr. David T. Davis, 822-P, at approx. 2 a.m. sent an XXX 500kHz for QSO with ZDK at Gibraltar from where tugs were dispatched.

SS HOPESTAR November 14th
Another ship with a fine crew went to Davy Jones locker in mystery. She radioed that she suffered damage in a bad storm but thought she could make Philadelphia. No SOS and search parties could find no wreckage.

SS SAMKEY (British) 1948 DSV
She left London on Jan. 24th in perfect shape. The radio op got off many TRs. Bound for the U.S. West Coast but never arrived.



S.O.S. for a Doctor!

Another life saved by radio. Not a new story—it happens again and again. But a story that brings home always the life-and-death importance of a radio ship set that is modern—powerful—perfectly kept.

"PORTS O' CALL"



There have been many heroes from the ranks of the wireless men who have sent the fateful call ...CQD or SOS for help, and it is the purpose of the "SOS/CQD CLUB" to record for posterity the names of men eligible for inclusion for membership in this exclusive club of men and women who have been called upon to send the electrifying call telling the world of pending disaster or of ominous and impending doom of men and ships.

All Society members are eligible for listing and membership. The Society published the original list in PORTS O' CALL IV starting in 1898 and ending in 1945. This list will add many during WW-2 and run through 1975. We know it is far from complete so we do invite all eligible - those who SENT CQD/SOS/MAYDAY/HELP/SSSDDD/SOE/SSSS/QQQQ-RRRR or AAAA for assistance are eligible. Documentation should be furnished for verification. Those receiving and relaying such information are not eligible.

It would assist if those requesting these certificates send \$1.00 to cover mailing. Stamps acceptable. If envelopes are sent they should be 9x12" for First Class Mail.

We plan to republish the entire list in the next issue of PORTS O' CALL. This to include all supplements and material received by new members joining.

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SOS CQD RECORD

1949

SINCO/KPMR (Flagship) June 6-7
On a coastwise trip. Intake valve broke flooding engine room. Opr. Sol Hendelman, 1060-P. Towed to Port Charleston by Moran tug.

1949

IOANNIS G. KOLUKUNDIS (Greek)
July 11th
Ran ashore five miles north of Pt. Arguello, Calif. All crew rescued by coast guard ship but ship lost.

SS ANDALUSIA (Panamaian) Nov. 4th
Fire broke out so Capt. Lemos ran her ashore just east of Neah Bay. Operator sent SOS which brought LHS Tender Fir. All 24 crew members saved but ship lost.

1950

SS BENEVOLENCE Aug. 25th
Hospital Ship. Collided with Mary Luckenback off San Francisco. Details NA.

1951

L.H. COOLIDGE (Tug) Aug. 20th
Stranded on the Coquille Bar, Oregon, due to steering gear trouble. Crew saved but ship lost.

ERRIA (Danish liner) Dec. 20th
Caught on fire off Astoria, Oregon. 11 lost out of 114 passengers and crew. Details NA.

1952

SS PENNSYLVANIA/KUP Jan. 9th
Broke in two in a severe gale 450 miles off Vancouver Island, B.C. All 45 crew members lost with ship.

SS FLYING ENTERPRISE Jan. 10th
Sank off Lizard Point. One lost. Details NA.

1952

SS PRINCESS KATHLEEN/VGPK (Canadian) Sept. 7th
Struck rocks 18 miles from Juneau, Alaska. All 425 passengers were able to go ashore via Jacobs Ladder and the Opr. brought a small Coast Guard ship CG-83524 to take them to Auke Bay.

SS MELANIE SCHUTE (German) Sept. 21st
Left Narvic, Norway, for Mobile and encountered bad storm 58.22N and 9.33 W and then vanished. On Feb. 17th a life belt was picked up on the west coast of Scotland.

SS KAREN OLSON Fall of 1952 DSV
Ship off Oregon coast in rough waters Opr. Joseph P. Dockendorf, 1437-V, D/M, sent SOS but 20 minutes later changed it to XXX. Too rough for USCG so U.S. Air Force came from Washington. Able to jettison lumber and resume voyage.

SS HAWAIIAN RANCHER/WSUM

Dec. 11th

In a dense fog in S.F. Bay collided with MS Fernstream (Norwegian Cargo-Liner) which sank. Opr. Rudolph A.P. Asp-lund, 57-P, D/M, got off his TTT and SOS. All passengers and crew rescued. Ship Hawaiian Rancher saved.

SS EDNA (Finnish) 1952 DSV
Disappeared in the Baltic. An SOS was sent but rescuers could find no trace, not even wreckage.

1953

PRINCESS VICTORIA/VGDS Jan. 31st
Canadian. Sank off North Ireland. 133 lost. Details NA.

SS PRESIDENT PIERCE/KQOO Feb. 12
Explosion and fire in No. 3 hold occurred in landfall of Yokohama. CHCP Harold F. Craig, 308-P, sent SOS which was answered by 12 ships, one being USNS Transport Barrett which took off 12 pgrs. plus some crew members. Ship made Yokohama under own power. 65 lives saved, 1 lost. Masterful seamanship on the part of Capt. Fred P. Willarts and quick action on part of crew averted disaster. Special medal awarded key figures in the emergency including CHOP Craig.

SS OLIVER OLSEN Feb. 22nd
Wrecked on jetty in crossing Coquille, Oregon bar. All 27 crew members rescued by breeches buoy. The Oliver Olsen became part of the jetty.

1954

SS GENERAL SAN MARTIN Sept. 12th
Argentine. Disappeared off Chile without an SOS and no wreckage found.

SS MORNACKITE October 7th
Enroute Vittoria to Baltimore. Sank off Virginia. 26 lost, seven saved. Skipper was blamed for not loading ship properly, not having life saving gear in order and not ordering an SOS.

SS TRESILLIAN/GLNP Nov. 30th
Sunk in North Atlantic. Opr. Donald MacNeil got off his SOS and went down with ship.

1954

SS SOUTHERN DISTRICT Dec. 5th
A former LST-Landing Ship Tanks. Enroute Port Sulfur, Tex., for Ducksport, Maine. Sent several TRs and then no more. She had been in bad weather and the seas were searched by ship and plane but no wreckage. 23 lost.

1955

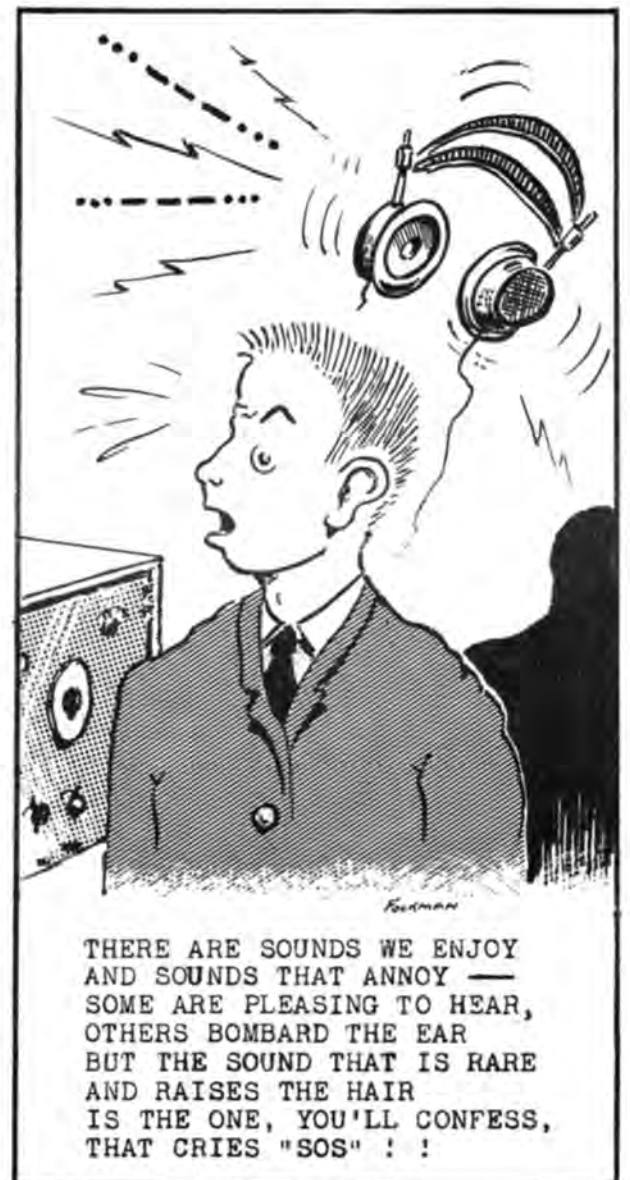
DONALD A. DAVISON/AECJ Sept.
DSV. (Dredge) Enroute Geribaldi, Oregon for Honolulu. Ship caught fire. Capt. Robert Kern ordered SOS which was sent by Opr. Donald E. Regan, 1631-V, and NMW, Westport CG Station took over. Eight ships responded. CG Acf from SF responded circling. Ships crew able to contain fire and ship diverted to SF for drydocking and repairs.

1956

SS SALEM MARITIME (Tanker) Jan. 18
Exploded on Lake Charles, La. 25 lost. Details NA.

SS ANDREA DORIA July 2nd
SS STOCKHOLM
Off Nantucket. 51 killed. Details NA.

SS PERLAGIA Sept. 16th
Sunk off Norway. 52 lost. Details NA.



THERE ARE SOUNDS WE ENJOY AND SOUNDS THAT ANNOY — SOME ARE PLEASING TO HEAR, OTHERS BOMBARD THE EAR BUT THE SOUND THAT IS RARE AND RAISES THE HAIR IS THE ONE, YOU'LL CONFESS, THAT CRIES "SOS" !!

SOS CQD RECORD

1957

US STONEY PT. (Tanker) June 19th
Collided with Greek freighter Ioannis off France. Fourteen lost. Details NA.

SS W.M.T. ROSSELL/WYCQ Sept. 10
U.S. Hopper Dredge. Collided with Norwegian Thorshall near Coos Bay, Ore. Helicopter saved 15 but 4 were trapped and several injured.

1957

SS BARK PAMIR Sept. 21st
Opr. Wilhelm Siemers got off his SOS and went down with the ship. Details NA.

1959

M/S HANS HEDTOFT Jan. 30th
Opr. Carl Johan Nielson Dejligbjerg got off his SOS and went down with the ship in the North Atlantic. Details NA.

1962

SS CHICKASAW/KOJR Feb. 7th
Stranded in a heavy rainstorm on Santa Rosa Island off California coast. Crew saved and most of cargo salvaged but ship lost.

MS ALASKA CEDAR Dec. 2nd
Another doomed on that North Jetty of Coos Bay, Oregon. Crew were saved but ship was lost with her lumber cargo scattered over the N. Pacific.

1963

SS SULPHUR QUEEN/WNVW Feb. 5
(Marine) Vanished in the Gulf of Mexico. 39 lost. Details NA.

USS BEAR/NRB March 19th
So went one wonderful ship after sailing the seas for 89 years, from the Arctic to the Antarctic. She saved starving Eskimos, rescued many a shipwrecked whaler, chased pelegic sealers and rum runners. Also kept order in the hectic gold rush days of '98, helped famous Arctic explorers and in between times cared for the ills of the Bering Sea people as she had the only doctor in those remote parts. Then she took time out to help win two World Wars. She was finally condemned and was being towed from Nova Scotia to Philadelphia for a museum ship. The tow line of the tug Irvin Birch broke and allowed the Bear to broach to in heavy seas. A radio call brought a Coast Guard plane which dropped a life raft close to the Bear and the four-man crew jumped aboard and they were finally picked up by the Irving Birch.

MV MUNCHEN June 25th
Opr. Joachim Geissler got off his SOS and went down with the ship in the North Atlantic. Details NA.

SS WESTCHESTER/KQNI Aug. DSV
An old Liberty ship engine gave out and they anchored off Kuri Island in the Indian Ocean awaiting the Tasman Zee/PHWB. However, a storm came up and Opr. John F. Pitzer, 1358-PA, sent his TTT SOS. By this time they were 75 yards from the rocky surf. An English passenger ship came by but too dangerous for them to stand in close. Finally the Tasman Zee arrived and succeeded in towing them to Bombay where the ship was sold for scrap.

1964

SS AMBASSADOR/GLFY Feb. 18th
Opr. John B. Hilliar got off his SOS and went down with the ship in the North Atlantic. Details NA.

BUNKER HILL (Tanker) March 6th
Terrible explosion in cargo tanks in Puget Sound near Anacortes, Wash. Five crew members lost. Ship down in deep water.

SS GLOBE EXPLORER Sept. 14th
Cape Henry, Baltimore, QRD Rotterdam. Fire and choking smoke prevented use of regular transmitter. Opr. Marlin L. Rittman. Took to life boats. Opr. Tittman still on job. (Note; Cousin member Albert L. Woody, 539-P.) Rittman lost on SS American Oriole/KFHY.

1964

M/T YVONNE/SZYH 1964 DSV
Operator Emmanuel Lougiakis, 1491-PA. Details NA.

1965

SS YARMOUTH CASTLE Nov. 13th
American cruise ship burned and sunk off Nassau. 89 lost. Details NA.

1966

SS TEXACO MASSACHUSETTS 1966 DSV. Collided with SS Alva Cape off New York. Opr. Edward M. Stetson, 918-V. Details NA.

1967

SS PANOCEANIC FAITH Oct. 9th
Ship foundered in N. Pacific 870 miles SW of Kodiak, Alaska. Only five survived out of 42 crew members and they had a tough ordeal. Opr. Carlos R. Griffith got off his SOS and went down with the ship.

SS SEATRAN TEXAS Dec. 22nd
Hit by a mine in the river near Saigon. Opr. Travier M. Gardner, 658-P, advised MSTS Saigon Control and they had 2 tow-boats alongside in about 15 minutes. Made temporary repairs and went to shipyard at Onomichi, Japan - found that 65 feet of bottom and 35 feet of side below waterline were torn out.

1968

SS MANDOILN (Liberian Tanker) Feb. 28
Collided with Suwahary Maru 340 miles west of the Columbia River. Fire started from the oil cargo causing 11 crew members to die. Ship saved but had to be junked.

SS SANTA LEONOR April 1st
Hit rock in Straits of Magellan. Ship abandoned. Opr. William Galvez, 180-PA. (On ship 13 years, lost all possessions.) (Ship formerly named P/T Forester, than to SS Mormacwave and finally Santa Leonor.)

M/T SOFIA M/ELMW July 26th
Ship hit a reef and was stranded. Opr. Francisco Millet, 850-PA, sent SOS which was heard by Spanish ship SS Satrustegui/EHUV. This ship took off 20 of the crew and headed for Curazao. 11 remained on board Sofia and were rescued by C.G. AN-205 Esteban Jaramillo headed for Santa Marta, Colombia. Rescued included Millet.

SS U.S. DEFENDER/WAAU Nov. 18
Hit by mortar attack at Da Dang, Vietnam. Opr. Richard D. Carter, 593-PA. Details NA.

USS MAURY/NCBB 1968 DSV
Ship coming back from Vietnam ran into a typhoon. Opr. Patrick J. Sullivan, 1251-PA, sent radiotelegraph to NPN or NPO. Lost steering for awhile, part of antenna blown off. After an hour in 100 kts winds, ship managed to get into safe waters.

1969

SS MARORE/KPJJ Feb. 7th
Collided with SS Gomi Maru/JHCK. Opr. Charles A. Andrews, 1230-PA, sent SOS which was acknowledged by Shimonoseki Radio (JCG). Ships remained joined for 5 days before Gomi Maru cut away and sank. Marone repaired in Kobe.

1970

MV TINA MARIA DONCINE Jan. 14th
Honduran flag. Sinking in monstrous seas. Capt. Eugene A. Olsen and R/O Oliveira saved - 7 saved. Occurred 200 miles north of Bermuda. USCG assisted with 4 English ships.

MS DON JOSE FIGUERAS Aug. 21st
Philippine. On fire 43.38N, 144.27W. Urgent SOS sent. After 8 days searching by USCG, Navy and Air Force units she was found and crew saved. Ship towed to Seattle by tug Salvage Chief.

SS EXCHESTER Dec. 22nd
Operator Harry W. Money, 1125-P. Details NA.

SS BADGER STATE Dec. 26th
Enroute Puget Sound to Vietnam. 600 miles NE of Midway Island ran into storm, which was worst storm short of typhoon ever experienced. Ship carrying cargo of munitions. Bombs were rolling in the hold. R/O Wm. "Bill" LaFayette sent SOS which was answered by MV Khian Star, Greek flag, and by Coast Guard. Crew took to lifeboats and a bomb from the ship hit a lifeboat - 26 men lost out of a crew of 79, Opr. LaFayette being one of them. Except for long hours and hard



"ALL I NEED NOW IS FOR SOMEBODY TO CRITICIZE MY FIST."

The accompanying cartoon was inspired by Art Ericson (SOWP #70) who sent one of the initial distress calls using SOS (when CQD was on the way out.)

The badly listing LUCY NEFF required acrobatics on the part of this operator to "hang on" during this episode about 1913 off Florida.

Art says he has been a ham since 1902, and now holds the call W1NF. .



By Katherine Drayton Mayrant Simons Jr.

THE WIRELESS AGE

NOVEMBER, 1915

At noon she cleared from the Cooper quay, when the stevedores were through.

The wanton wastrel lipped the piles, and the floodtide frothed in blue.

The freight she bore beneath her hatch, like many of her ilk, Was the long, sea-island cotton strand that the women wear for silk.

Her lean-faced Mate and Skipper swore, finding no word too hard To curse the rules of meddling fools at the harbor Navy Yard.

"'Tis money sunk in useless junk and a bit of a nuisance as well," Thus they spoke of the Marconi set installed on the Southern Belle.

Above swayed the antennæ, and the crippled lad below Was listening in for noonday calls, his wizened face aglow.

She made the cape in the dun of dawn, where the hog-backed rollers run, And raised the lights of Diamond Shoals, gone pale against the sun.

The August sea was sultry-still, the sky remained jewel-blue, But the underswell swung sullenly beneath the sobbing screw.

The glass, at noon, fell suddenly. Her Skipper gnawed his lip As the gusty wind veered round behind and struck the plunging ship.

He read the brief marconigram, and cursed its terse advice: "Gale off the Indies—put to port—" and he tore the message twice!

"By the living God, I'm master here! I dock the Southern Belle On Monday morn in Boston slip, or else in the slips o' hell!"

And so they put her helm about and ran for the open sea, While up the coast the equinox roared in a devil's jubilee!

Till eve she drove before the wind, and, as the night-watch came, She kicked her rotten rudder loose, and rolled—a helpless frame!

Then through the dark screamed the spark in fluttering flakes of fire, And in the hold the sea crept cold, ever reaching higher.

'Twas then they piped "All hands on deck," and, by the rocking rail, One after one the dories spun like tops athwart the gale.

One after one the laden boats went down to dare the sea; But in his cabin crouched the lad, above the sentient key.

What help was there for sixty souls within the dories frail, Unless they raised his S O S across the crazy gale

When they had rowed a hundred yards, and knew him left behind, The wolf-faced Mate put back again, against the sea and wind.

Upon the breath of very death their dory blew—a chip! They cursed the name of God and man, but could not reach the ship.

And so they drifted past the Southern Belle, through the night and mist, And, by her tossing lanterns' tilt, they marked her starboard list.

But when the dories in the dawn drew near the rescue ship, The story of a midnight call was passed from lip to lip.

And so there passed the cotton tramp, from which by wireless call, Except the little crippled lad, were saved her seamen all.

But somewhere o'er the Tideless Sea, where knights and heroes dwell, I think the angels found a haven safe for the ill-starred Southern Belle.

I think perhaps there stood upon that shore a Sidney or a Galahad, Who welcomed to the Shining Sands a little crippled lad.

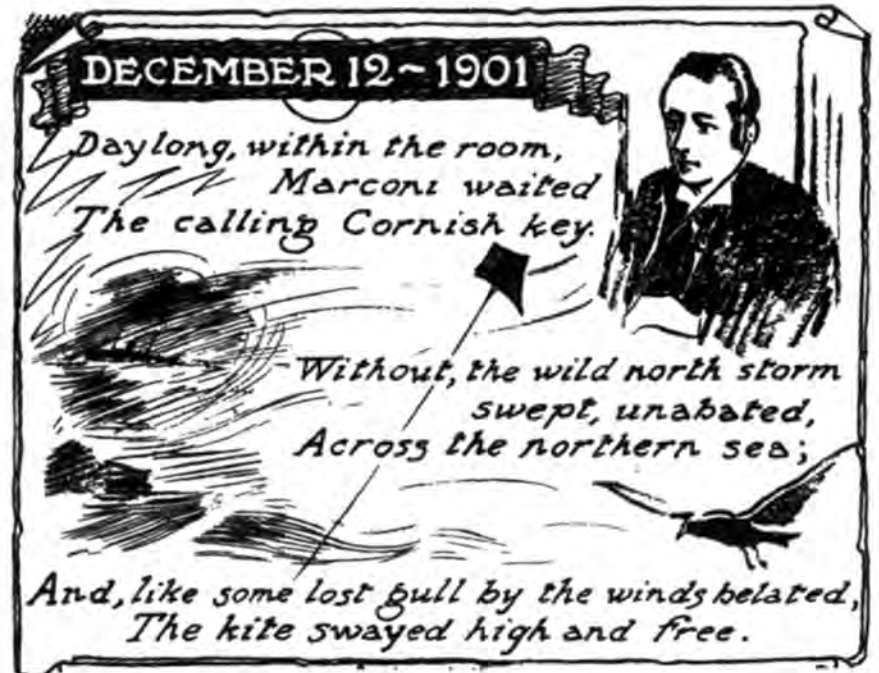


BISNEAL



"When you get to the end of your rope, tie a knot in it and hang on"
~Russell~

The JOURNAL'S NEW BANNER HEADING



We hope you will like the new BANNER HEADING that your SPARKS JOURNAL wears this issue. A rough sketch of an idea was sent to member KYLE THOMPSON 908-V (W6BNJ) who volunteered to work up the finished drawing. We think he did an excellent job!

The three 'dots' at the top follow the curvature of the earth from the transmitting station at Poldhu on Cornwall, DECEMBER 12 1901 to the 'kite' receiving station on Signal Hill, a bluff about 600' high just back of St. Johns Newfoundland. Marconi first recognized the signal at 12.30PM and again at 1.10PM and 2.20PM. Marconi's assistants G. Kemp and P.W. Paget also listened to and recognized the signals. This was a very important date in WIRELESS HISTORY and the history of the world.

The picture panels at the right and left will carry that of the early pioneers of Wireless who will also be featured in a short biographical sketch each issue. That of Messrs. Marconi and de Forest appear on Page 11 of this issue. An 'in-depth story and biography will appear (as planned) in coming issues of the SPARKS JOURNAL. The issue carrying the Pioneer's Biographical Story will be named for him.

It might be noted that our Cartoonist Ralph Folkman drew the instruments in the center panel nearly 12 years ago for the Society. While the key and phones were basics, the crystal and tube detectors, plus the rotary gap followed some time later. These may change from time to time to feature other early day equipment as the progenitor of the modern equipment we now use.

We think the heading conveys the 'image' of the Society and at this point we do not think there will be further change in our banner heading. We hope all of our members like it and thanks again to Kyle E. Thompson for taking our idea and transforming it to such an intriguing sketch.

William A. Breniman
Founder.

TO A SHIP'S FIGUREHEAD
(deYoung Museum, San Francisco)

No more the curved horizon's rim,
The multi-colored, moody sea,
The storms, the calms, the ecstasy
Of star-eyed dusk, fragrant and dim;

No more the singing wind from west,
The white spray or the white sea bird,
The flying fish, the otter herd,
The porpoise startled from its rest;

No more old brine-bleached figurehead,
Your eyes will fix that distant line,
Where mist and foam seem to entwine,
And sunsets kindle gold and red.

Above the waves, cloud-like you shone,
And drew the playful dolphin's eye,
You were the queen of sea and sky,
Upon a painted wooden throne.

You who have wandered every clime
And gleamed with spume of seven seas,
Must stare at busts and tapestries,
And gather now the dust of time.



The Wireless 'Hall of Fame'



Dr. LEE de FOREST

It was in Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the 26th of August, 1873 that Lee De Forest first saw the light of day.

He graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale university with a B.S. Degree in 1896.

When the Spanish American War came along in 1898, he was called up as a member of the Connecticut National Guard. Here he served with the Yale Battery, Battery A of the First Artillery Company. Following the war he returned to Yale and finished his work for his Ph.D. degree in Physics.

De Forest was essentially an experimentalist in the footsteps of Edison and Hertz rather than a mathematical analyst such as Maxwell or Lord Kelvin. Much of his early work was directed toward radio frequency transmission of the human voice and the development of radio telephony. In this direction, considering the times, he had a considerable amount of success.

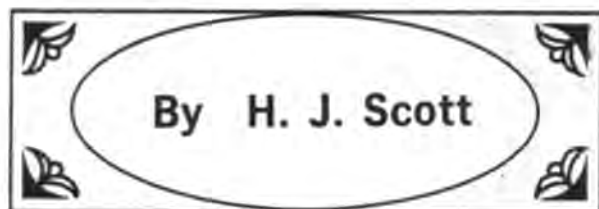
His great gift to mankind (His magnum opus if you wish) was his invention of the three element electron tube which he called the "audion" and which we know today as the "triode". This is probably as close to Alladin's Lamp as the mind of man will ever come. It is truly a most remarkable and versatile device. It can operate as an amplifier, as a detector, and as a generator of radio frequency energy.

In 1907 the U.S. Navy ordered 26 sets of De Forest's radio telephone equipment to be installed on certain of the capital ships in the "Great White Fleet" for their round the world cruise. The departure of the fleet was the 16th of December and was under the command of Admiral "Fighting Bob" Evans.

De Forest took an active part in the development of the radio industry in and around New York for some years. In 1911 he joined the Federal Telegraph Company in Palo Alto, California. Here he was given a laboratory and free rein to carry out his research. It was in California that he then made his home and actively pursued his inventive activities. Some 300 patents were issued to him in various aspects of electronics, not only in the communications field but in other areas as well.

In his lifetime De Forest received many honors. He was awarded the Gold Medal of the St. Louis Exposition in 1904, the Gold Medal of the San Francisco Exposition in 1915, the Elliott Cresson Medal from the prestigious Franklin Institute, the John Cross of the French Legion of Honor, and a number of honorary Doctorates from various universities.

Dr. De Forest remained experimentally active in the electronics area almost to the end of his life. Following a heart attack in Hollywood, he embarked on his journey into the great unknown on the 30th of June 1961. In another two months following his death he would have been 88 years of age.



MARQUIS GUGIELMO MARCONI

Marconi was born on the 25th of April, 1874 in Bologna, Italy. His father was an Italian farmer and his mother was the daughter of an Irish whiskey distiller. As a young man he attended the University of Bologna. Here he studied under Professor Righi. Following the publication of Oliver Lodge's paper in 1894 on the experimental work of Hertz, young Marconi became interested in this work. Though only 20 years of age at the time, he became intrigued with the possibility of adapting this to a system of wireless telegraphy to which he devoted his life.

He devised an antenna structure and set it up among the cabbages and corn of his father's garden and by 1896 he was able to transmit signals for a distance of almost 2 miles. This was a giant step beyond Hertz's transmission within the confines of a small laboratory.

Marconi and his mother journeyed to London following his successful transmission and patented his system of wireless telegraphy. While there he interested the British Post Office in his equipment and he founded the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, Ltd. of which he was the Chief Engineer. This was in 1897.

At the request of the U.S. Navy in 1898, Marconi came to the U.S. to demonstrate his equipment on the U.S.S. New York, Massachusetts and Porter at Navasink Light. He was able to establish communication between the New York and Massachusetts for a distance of 36 miles. The first official radio message from a U.S. naval vessel was transmitted from the New York on November 2nd. While in this country Marconi formed the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America which some years later was destined to become the Radio Corporation of America in 1919.

In 1901 on the 12th of December Marconi's transmitter at Poldhu, England successfully transmitted a signal - the letter S - across the Atlantic to his receiving station at St. Johns, Newfoundland. This was a milestone.

It was about this time that the U.S. Navy decided to do away with its carrier pigeons and adapt wireless telegraphy to their uses. The transmission from shore to ships at sea was begun from Great Britain in 1904.

The sinking of the Titanic in 1912 led to the compulsory installation of wireless equipment on passenger ships and on certain non-passenger ships.

Much of Marconi's work in later years was carried out on his yacht "Elettra". Here he carried out many investigations into the propagation of short waves (then about 15 meters). By 1933 he was working with frequencies of about 555 MHz.

Marconi was often asked if he invented wireless. His answer was always on emphatic "NO". He maintained he simply took some of the ideas of Hertz, a number of practical ideas of his own along with a few ideas of other workers, put them all together in the proper fashion to produce a workable wireless telegraph system.

During his lifetime he received many honors. He was knighted by the Italian government in 1897, was awarded a Nobel Prize in Physics (with Professor Braun) in 1909, and was awarded the title of Marquis by the Italian government of 1929.

Marconi journeyed to that mysterious realm from whose bourne no traveller returns on the 20th of July 1937, in Rome, at the age of 63.

Sic semper gloria.



The World's First Maritime Communications Satellite System

A New Era in Maritime Communications

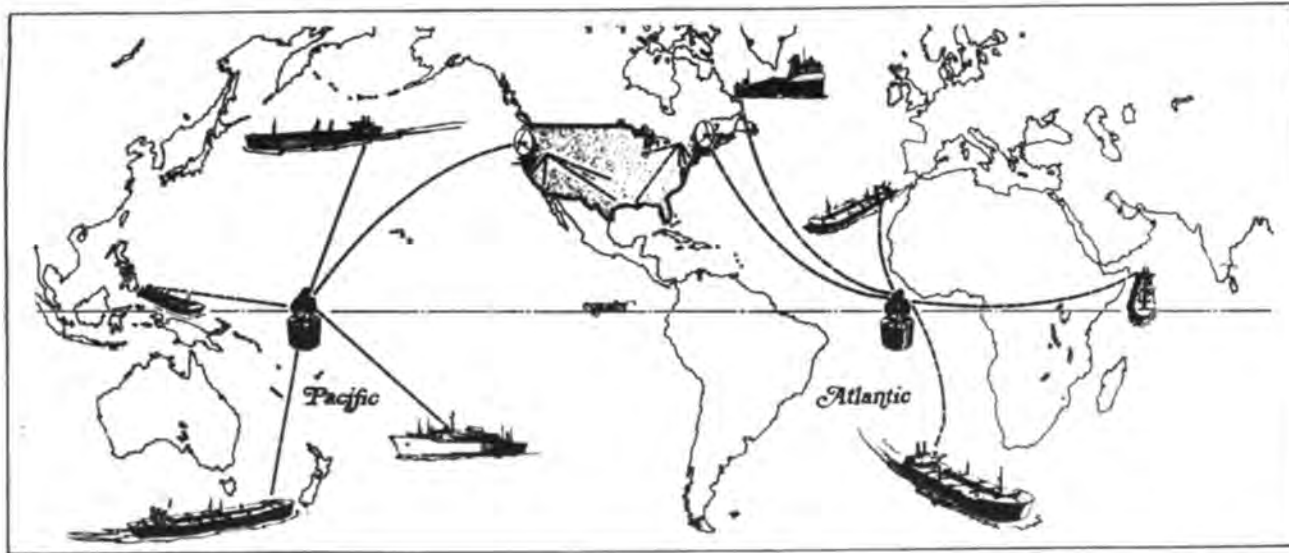
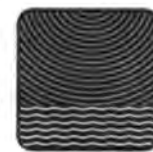


Figure 3 indicates the coverage area of the two equatorial-orbit satellites. [Graphics courtesy of Comsat General].

NEW VENTURES

IN SATELLITE COMMUNICATIONS



MARISAT



by Don deNeuf

Perhaps the earliest practical use of "wireless" aboard a vessel was in July 1896 when Marconi himself reported the progress of the Kingstown Regattas from Dublin Bay to the Dublin Express. But the world did not begin to feel the true impact of this new method of long-distance communication until it was dramatized by the actual saving of life and property at sea. Probably that was first done when the SS Republic was rammed and sank January 23, 1909 off Martha's Vineyard, Mass. Some 1,600 lives were saved by flashing wireless calls for assistance. Three years later the disaster of the Titanic firmly set the pattern for all vessels being equipped with wireless for safety reasons.

It soon became evident that, aside from the safety factor, the new system had many practical uses in the maritime industry. Vessel position reports, expected arrival times, diversion instructions and cargo reports were only a few of the new tools of progress brought to the industry. These amounted to untold hundreds of thousands of dollars in value.

All such wireless communications were based on electrical (Hertzian) waves, transmitted and received "through the air". But some means of forming these waves so as to permit the passage of information was needed. The technique developed in 1837 by Morse and Vail, created "off" and "on" conditions of electric current, which were formed into combinations, making up an alphanumeric "code" of signals based

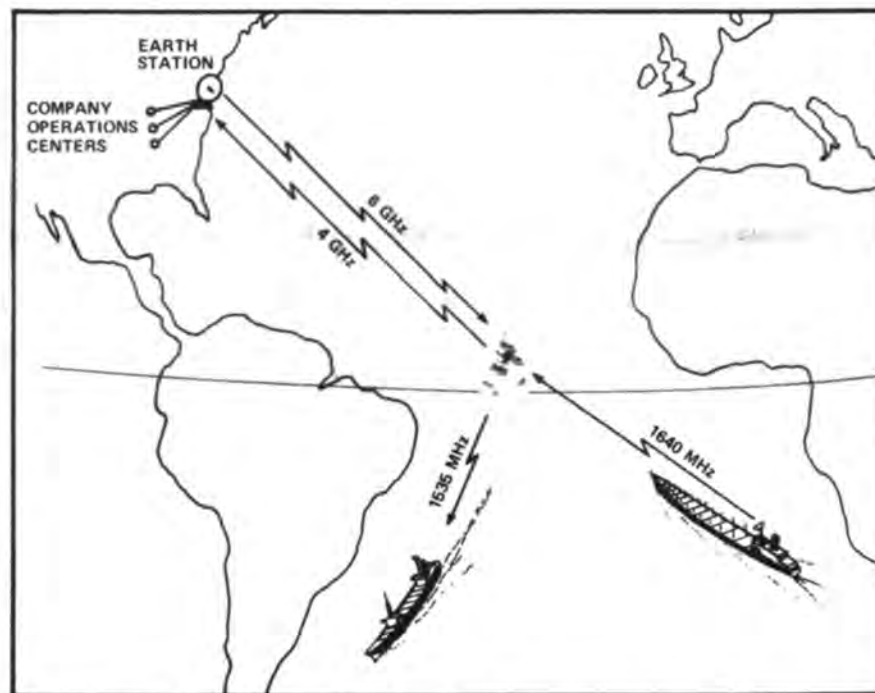


Figure 1 shows how the satellite communicates with ship and land stations, and gives the frequencies.

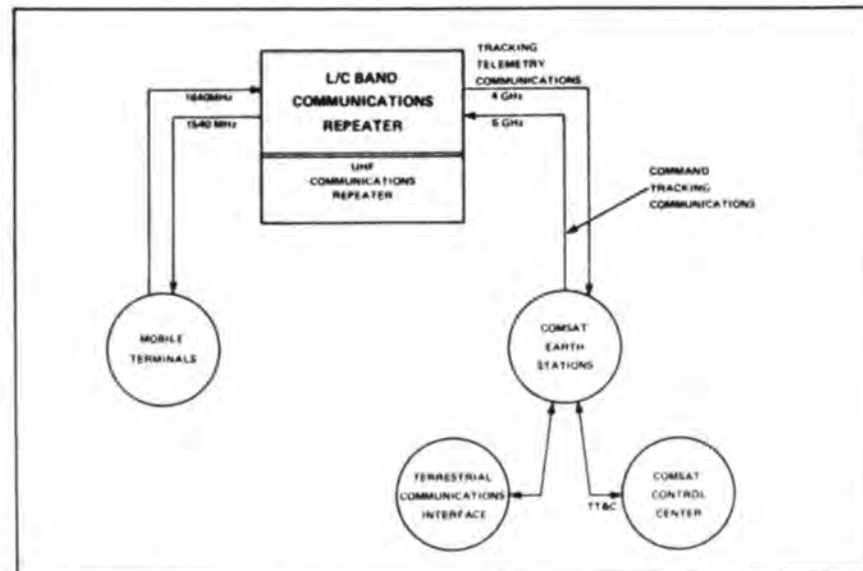


Figure 2 depicts in simplified form the elements of the system.

on short, long, and spaced pulses. These signals were formed by the "transmitting operator" with a key, and were in turn translated into conventional written language by the "receiving operator" both of course being highly skilled in the code.

Sixtyfive years later, the greater portion of all marine telecommunications is still being carried out in almost exactly the same way. Though numerous nations of the world during this 65-year period have fought several ways, their

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13)

MARISAT



Radome-enclosed antenna (left foreground) on tanker ship.



COMSAT General's below deck communications console.



Shore station at Santa Paula, Calif.

Satellite aids. Commencing early in 1975, a two-ocean satellite communications service will be made available to all ships as part of COMSAT General's Maritime Satellite Program. The Maritime Satellite Communications (MARISAT) system will provide continuous 24 hr per day realtime communications between ships and shore of a quality and reliability not possible before. COMSAT General's System will offer to ships, on a commercial basis, the ability to communicate via satellite—including voice, teletype, facsimile and high-speed data transmission.

The satellites themselves are scheduled for launching late this year and will have a service life of five years. These two multi-frequency satellites will be stationed in synchronous orbits at an altitude of 22,300 miles, one directly over the Atlantic and the other directly over the Pacific Ocean. Transmissions to and from the satellites will be through two, 42-ft earth station antennas, one to be located at Southbury, CT and the other near Santa Paula, CA. And each satellite will contain two channels both approximately 4 mHz wide, operating in the L- and C-bands.

The shipboard terminals for MARISAT will consist of a steerable, weather protected dish-type antenna and solid-state transmitter and receiver topside and a communications and control terminal below, that will include in a single, floor-mounted cabinet the full duplex telephone unit and teletype-writer.

In talking about a specific terminal, the All Systems' SEACOMM terminal has been under development and refinement since 1969. The company's brochure says that the SEACOMM Terminal configuration represents the fourth generation of L-band shipboard terminals, and during the past five years this equipment has undergone vigorous testing in both the laboratory and at sea.

The plug-in module and sub-systems are designed for maximum commonality, simplifying spares and maintenance actions. The basic modular design of the SEACOMM terminal, consisting of duplexer, low-noise amplifier, exciter, receiver and channel selector is standard for all applications from the telex/teletype to voice and facsimile.

The modular approach allows the user to buy only the capability which is immediately required. Later on, if his communications needs increase, the terminal can be augmented by additional modules. **END**

By *Donald K. deNeuf*

The Space Age has had a definite impact in the maritime telecommunications field as well as in numerous other areas. Technically there no longer needs to exist any communications problems between vessels and shore locations anywhere on the globe.

Gone are the headaches of geographic distance, radio wave propagation variations, weak signals, static, fade-outs and delays involved in relaying messages. No longer is communication confined to a "radio-telegram" composed of a few textual words.

MARISAT is a new maritime communications system utilizing satellites in space to provide land-line-like "copper-plate" two-way voice grade circuits with ships for telephone service and teleprinter (Telex) operations. Facimile terminals permit the transmission of any type of graphic material - charts, manifests, maps, cargo plans, etc. The circuits handle high speed data transmissions for a wide variety of computer operations.

Radio frequencies in the 1500 and 5000 megacycle bands (megaHertz, I should say, in deference to Mr. Hertz) are utilized between the earth (not "shore" or "coastal") stations and vessels. Three primary satellites are positioned 22,240 miles above the Pacific, Atlantic and Indian Oceans for global coverage. The THIRD Marisat satellite was launched on Oct. 14 1976 is now on-station at its assigned position of 73° E. Longitude, roughly on line with Bombay, (Note: This updates the data in my first story on Page 12).

Earth stations are presently located in Santa Paula, Calif., Southbury, Conn., and Yamaguchi, Japan. These provide direct connecting circuits with "shoreside" offices virtually anywhere in the world.

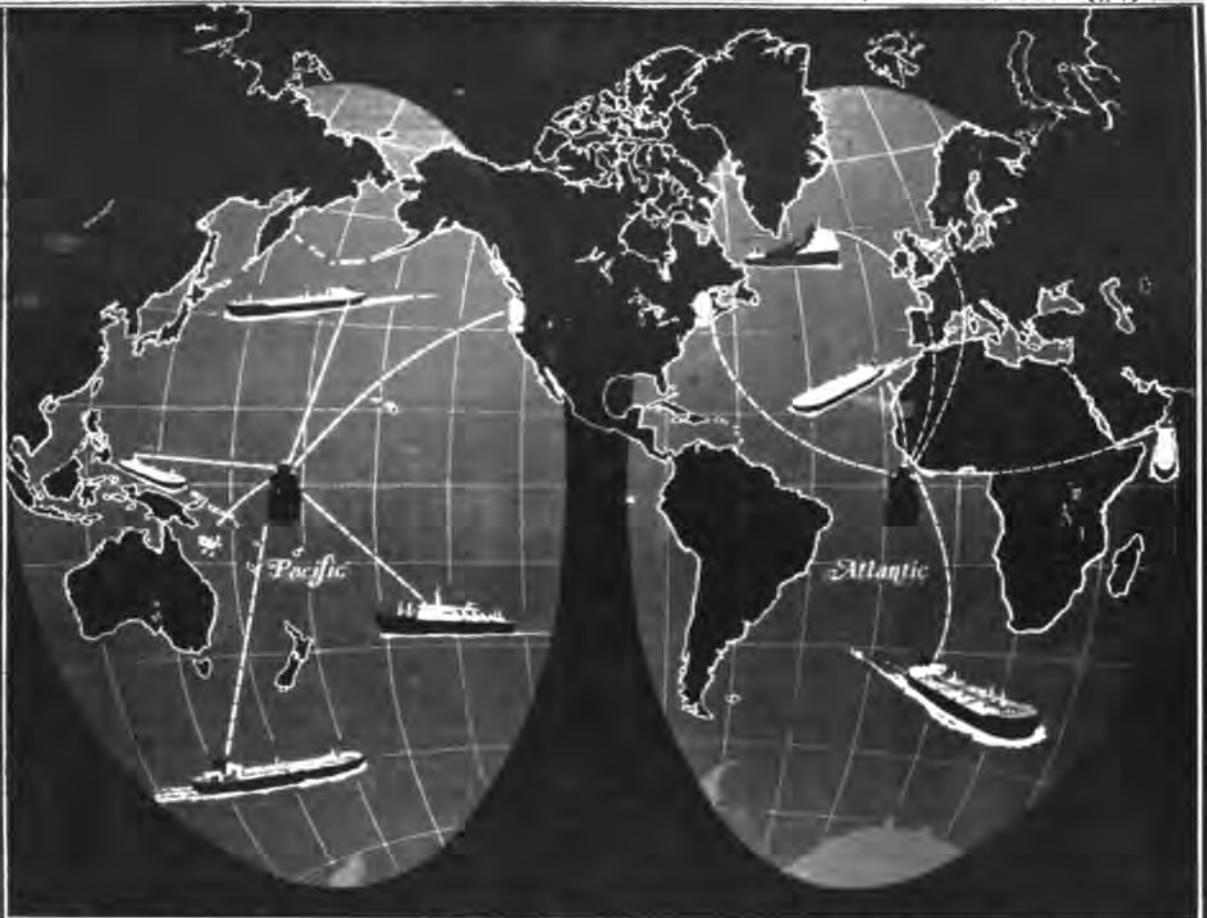
There are some 300 vessels and offshore units presently equipped with MARISAT facilities. These are comprised of about 96 Tankers, 80 cargo-container, 20 LNG vessels, 28 petroleum offshore drilling rigs, 11 fishers, 38 seismographic ships, 17 passenger vessels and a number of "specials" such as cable-repair and laying ships and Jacques Costeau's research vessel the "Calypso". The high quality telecom channels permit the almost instantaneous passing of cargo data, loading diagrams and EDP intelligence for computer operations directly between such vessels and their head offices in the USA, Europe, Japan, Australia, etc. High speed data transmissions are vital to the offshore gas and oil industry.

Two-way telephone communications are not only essential to solving of emergency repairs and prompt action in cases of crew illness or injuries, but for the morale of the new seagoing generation which often demands regular telephone conversations with friends and families from virtually any location on the globe in which the vessel may find itself. This becomes a reality with the new MARISAT facilities. The first vessel to be equipped with this experimental facility was Cunard's QUEEN ELIZABETH-2 in May of 1972.

... But - Hold a Moment

All this does not mean the sudden demise of the age old medium and high frequency Morse radio-telegraph channels between shore locations and literally thousands of vessels which do not require the sophisticated circuitry now offered by MARISAT. One has only to tune to KPH, WSL, CFH, KFS or one of many coastal radio-telegraph stations over the world and listen to the extensive "QTC" traffic lists sent every few hours in manual Morse International code notifying ships that messages are on hand for them. (Last year I visited WCC at Chatham and noted they had over 200 messages "on the hook" waiting for ships to call in and receive them) A simple ten word message may be all that's required by some salty old "rust bucket" freighters (bless 'em) -- even a day or so delay in delivery may be of no real importance. Some of the finest modern cruise ships still find that HF facilities meet their needs (See the Story of "THE AUTOMATED PRINCESS" in the Fall 1977 issue of "SPARKS JOURNAL").

It may be a number of years before many vessels find it necessary or desirable to switch to MARISAT facilities. But this IS A NEW AGE : One can not argue with extensive supporters of the MARISAT system like Jan Oygard, Radio Officer on the Norwegian vessel FERNICRAIG who says ... " it saved the life of a young sailor who was very seriously injured in an accident aboard the ship far away from any harbor with a hospital. Helicopter transport was ordered and within four hours after the accident the sailor was under treatment for his head injury in Dubai, on the Persian Gulf. The rescue procedure was performed in record breaking time.



MARISAT - CALLING ALL SHIPS AT SEA ...VIA SATELLITE

The request was delivered in five minutes - through the Southbury earth station and then half way around the world to Dubai. Oygard said ... " If we had not had satellite communications on board, it would have taken several hours for me to get the message through via normal radiotelegraphy. This is because there are some especially bad conditions for radio communications in this area of the world which cause long waiting periods. (30) □



Pictures - Marisat Satellite Equip't. & Services Page 14

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE - 12)

people have been continuously better and better informed through the fantastic development of international television, telephone, teleprinter/telex, data, and facsimile services for carrying international news and commercial trade communications. But except for a few comparatively minor developments, global maritime telecommunication techniques have not changed during this period. The volume of intelligence in this field has been limited to the capability of the skilled operator, which at best averages perhaps less than thirty words per minute. For various reasons, serious message delays between the sender and address are not uncommon.

Such telecommunication to date has (strangely enough) apparently met to a fair degree the demands of safety, vessel operation and overall maritime business and administration. But the maritime field has been developing into one involving vastly larger vessels on longer journeys with fewer stops. New demands on improved scheduling, with diversion to new ports to load or off-load cargo, are appearing. The need for almost instantaneous reports as to the layout and contents of containers being loaded are becoming essential to efficiency. The newer generation of seagoing people in some countries is already demanding regular telephone service with families and friends at home no matter where on the earth the vessel may be. Such communication has not been practicable with the conventional so-called high-frequency service.

March 1975 marks a tremendous leap forward in marine telecommunications technology: the date of the introduction of space-age technology to ocean vessel

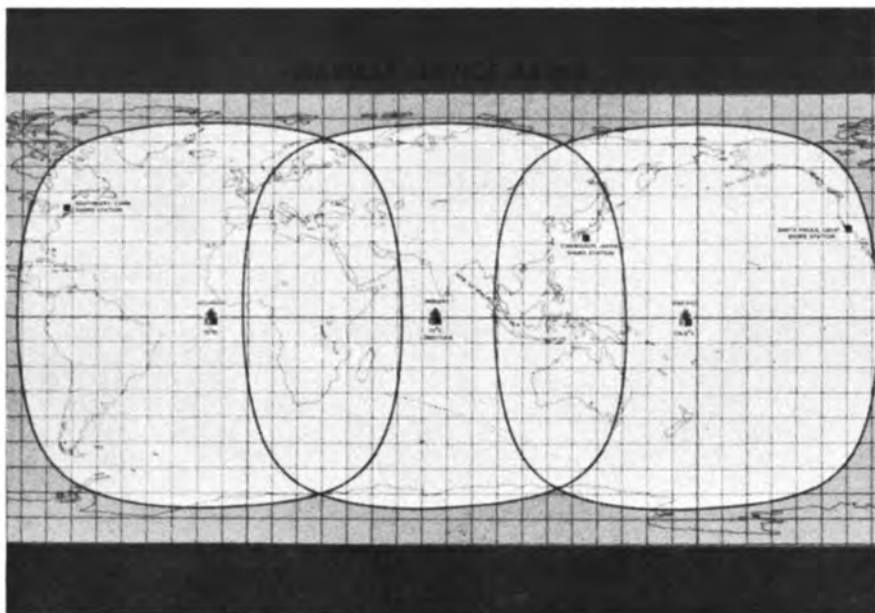
operation with the inauguration by Comsat General of its MARISAT facilities. Twin satellite systems serve ships in the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. This is done by launching two multi-frequency satellites 22,300 miles into space in geostationary orbits, and by constructing two earth stations - one at Southbury, Connecticut and the other at Santa Paula, California. Vessels utilizing the MARISAT system will be equipped with a special weather-protected steerable antenna and receiver-transmitter units. These facilities will provide highly reliable ship-shore two-way telecommunications 24 hours per day between vessels anywhere in the Atlantic or Pacific areas and shore points, irrespective of distances, weather or atmospheric conditions. Service offered by MARISAT include voice telephone, highspeed data for computer operation, facsimile for weather maps and charts, and the ability to transmit and receive telex messages on teleprinters and to interconnect with world-wide telex networks.

The MARISAT technique has been amply demonstrated through test installations aboard the Queen Elizabeth II in 1972 and the SS Hope in 1973.

Once MARISAT is established, Parkinson's Second Law will surely apply here as it invariably has elsewhere in the communications field. Completely new uses for the facility will be found to rapidly bring maritime operations into a new era. The industry will, within a few years, no doubt look back and wonder profoundly how in Heaven's name it ever operated without such tools. □



NEW MARITIME COMMUNICATIONS MODE IN PICTURES



Marisat Service Area Map



Marisat System Map



SS. Rotterdam, Cruise Liner, N.Y.



QE-2 of the Cunard Line



The LNG Carrier Aquarius



LNG Carrier Aquarius

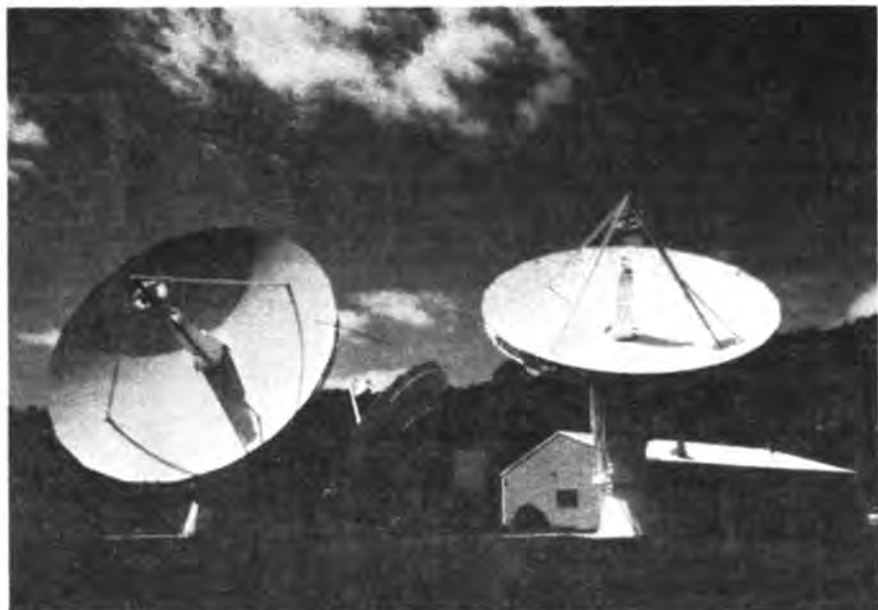


Radio Officer using Marisat Telex



Container Ship FIONIA

THE MARISAT WORLD-WIDE SATELLITE SYSTEM FEATURED



Comsat's Southbury CT Earth Station



Artists Drawing of Antenna



Radio Officer, QE-2 using Marisat Phone

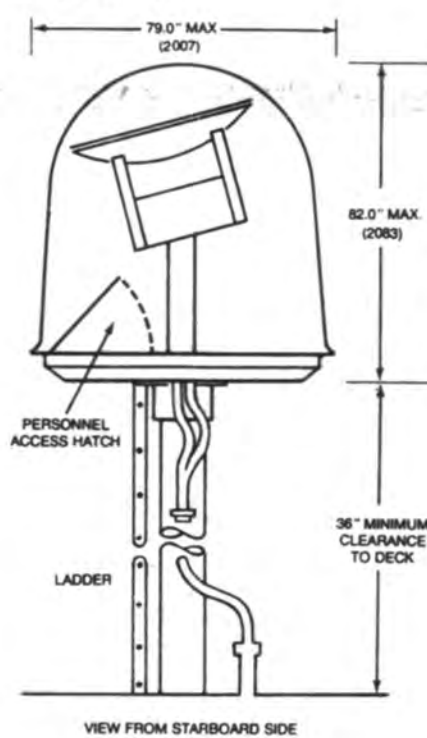


Donald K. deNeuf

The above picture of Society Charter Member, Donald K. de Neuf was taken years ago -- in 1927 at the key of SS President Polk of the Dollar Line on a 'Round the World' voyage. Station KDOZ on the Pres. Polk had both Spark and Arc. The Arc frequency was 2100/2400 meters. We are indebted to "Don" for furnishing the Marisat pictures and text for the foregoing article on the new mode of Satellite communications. Mr. deNeuf mentions that it may be a long time before ships with limited traffic will find the installations affordable. However on heavy traffic ships or in demanding situations it presents a very new and wonderful concept in the handling of all types of intelligence. We are prone to wonder what might happen if an enemy who had the capability might incapacitate the satellites? We still think that there should be the 'back-up' of dependable code communications via HF or UHF as well as channels in use today. The field is an absorbing one. We know our readers will find the article of very great interest. William A. Breniman - Editor.

Technical Data

Antenna

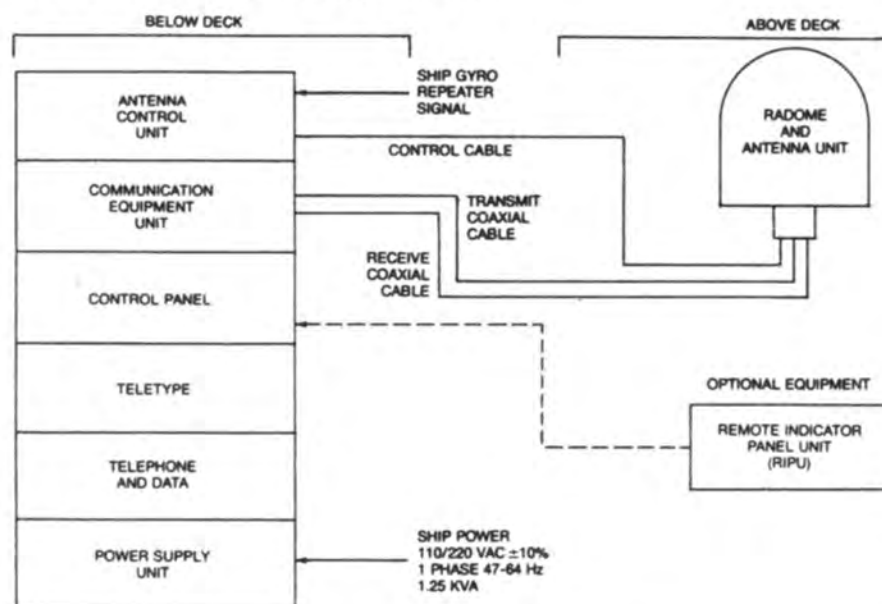


The antenna, easily mounted and adaptable to a variety of vessel configurations, provides:

- Full 360° azimuth and 0° to 90° elevation coverage under extreme ship motion conditions,
- Rugged design utilizing highly reliable mechanical and electronic components,
- Solid-state transmitter and receiver, and
- Easy, three-cable interconnections to the below deck equipment.

The steerable, radome-protected antenna employs an elevation-over-azimuth pedestal which is supported by an integral stabilized pitch-over-roll mount. Stabilization of an antenna in azimuth is achieved using an input signal from the ship's gyro compass. An automatic antenna steering system is also provided which corrects for long term pointing changes by searching for the direction of maximum received signal strength.

Equipment Interconnections



DIMENSIONS IN INCHES (MILLIMETERS)

WIRELESS ◊ Definition ◊ ADVENTURE

A Dedication of Service

Distress in Reverse

by N. Burton

WHEN A MAN bites a dog—that's news, but when a coast radio station in distress calls for assistance it's bigger news, and it did happen.

The Ward liner *Siboney* passed Morro Castle outward bound from Havana to New York at noon on 28th September, 1926. The late Captain F. L. Miller was in command and, as his course lay close to the coastal radio stations along the east coast of the United States, he was undeterred by storm warnings which he had received before sailing.

The Miami hurricane had struck its first blow some ten hours earlier. It twisted up from the Bahamas and cut a swath of destruction through Florida, leaving in its wake a trail of ruin. Hundreds were killed, a twenty-storey building was wrecked, and a freighter was washed into a city street. The wind howled and roared from 2 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Transport was at a standstill with roads a trellis of fallen telegraph poles. All communications were cut and even the radio amateurs, usually so helpful, were silent, excusably perhaps. The area was stricken and isolated; no one knew what help was needed or where to send it.

The staff of coastal radio station WAX, Miami, realising that fewer lives would be lost and casualties lighter if communication could be established quickly, had begun to work to this end when the storm struck. The performance of these men during the following twenty hours makes one of the longest series of heroic acts in the radio record.

When the storm started they hoped to operate as usual, that is, controlling the transmitter at Hialeah by landline from the Miami office, but contact was quickly broken. In addition the receiving aerial close by the office was blown away, the wind peeled the roof from the operators' quarters, and only the main office was intact. Into this crowded more than a hundred people whose homes had left them, and the staff gave what assistance they could to the injured.

Some of the staff collected equipment and started out for Hialeah, six miles away. They battled their way along an almost impassable road

and saw their control line hanging in bits from the broken poles. Nearing the transmitter they were cheered to see one of the five steel towers still erect, but before they reached it that, too, buckled and crashed to the ground.

Anyone who knows how perverse temporary wiring can be in normal operation will appreciate to the full the practical knowledge and courage of these men in getting equipment into useful order. An aerial was run up to a stump of a tower, power was obtained from a half-flooded generator, keying gear connected, and batteries commandeered from wrecked cars to operate the receiver.

Then, as they were almost ready to go into action and call for help, one small part was found to be missing. Chief of Staff Bourne, exceeding tradition, went back to Miami and returned with the essential part.

R. D. Hutchens and Milton Kitchen, radio officers of the *Siboney*, heard the first call when the ship was abeam of Miami. WAX called *Siboney* slowly with a note that sounded like eggs frying in a cheap tin frying pan. Then followed the first pitiful stories of the disaster; requests for food, medical supplies, and troops; and directions for rescuers. Routine calm no longer prevailed aboard *Siboney*.

Because of a too-shallow channel Captain Miller was unable to put into Miami and so *Siboney* had to relay the distress traffic. New York was 1,000 miles north—no mean haul even for a modern transmitter on 500 kc/s—and would have to be worked on spark as *Siboney's* arc transmitter was out of action because of spray shorting the insulators.

Near Hatteras veteran radio officer Al Kahn of s.s. *Orizaba* heard the call and with that sense born of long experience guessed something was amiss. Hand keying, just like voice inflections, carries a connotation. When he copied the first startling traffic he acted swiftly and cleared 500 kc/s by closing down other traffic in true distress style.

New York heard the news through WSC. Tuckerton, at 11 p.m., and rescue operations swung into action at once. *Siboney* handled all the traffic she could until sunrise when both WSC and WAX faded out. Then her radio officers, perhaps, put their feet back upon the desk and remarked how fortunate they were to be safely at sea!

EARLY DAY NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

HOW THE "STANDARD" WENT DOWN

by Howard Cookson, 140-S-SGP (*)

So many of our fraternity have been shipwrecked with experiences far more harrowing and terrifying than the only one in which I have ever participated, that I hesitate in writing of it. But I believe that the circumstances are a bit unusual and of interest to our seagoing crowd. It should be called the story of how distress signals were put out without the benefit of radio equipment.

Up to around 1920, the various salmon canning firms on the West Coast, sent a fleet of square-rigged sailing ships from San Francisco and Seattle to their canneries in Alaska. They were a colorful lot of barks and barkentines, but no more so than their crews and cannery hands. When the time came, every spring, for the "Salmon Fleet" to head north, the police judges used to line up the bums, drunks and derelicts before them and say, "Okay boys. Six months in the county jail, or ship to Alaska. What'll it be?" As the salmon season was only three months, maybe four, and they could make a few bucks, what could they lose? They were then loaded on launches and taken, under guard, to the various ships anchored out in the middle of San Francisco Bay.

I sailed from San Francisco in the spring of 1917, aboard the three-masted barkentine *Standard*. Counting the crew and cannery hands there were about two hundred people aboard. Oh yes, and one woman, the cannery superintendent's wife. Quite a prime collection.

The ship had no radio aboard, and I was on as a passenger, to operate the cannery station (KMG) at Nushagak, Alaska. Some previous passenger had run a single wire partly up the aftermast, obviously to be used for a receiver. So I took my own little receiver along, a two tube dry cell battery job. I tried to get some weather from Coast Naval radio stations en route, but wasn't very successful.

It took us thirty six days to cover a distance of a little over two thousand miles to the entrance of the Nushagak River, on Bristol Bay, and in the middle

of that pitch-dark night we piled up on Cape Constantine. There was quite a sea running, and the ship was soon in a bad way. The wooden hull cracked open and it was obvious that she could not last long. We needed help, but quick.

Rockets or lights were no good due to the fact that the country was practically uninhabited. What to do?

Then I remembered I had seen a little spark coil, with vibrator, among some discarded junk in one of the cabins. I didn't know if it would work, but by that time I would have tried anything, even a Ouiji Board. I had a few extra dry cells which I soon rigged up as a power supply, and was rewarded by a heart warming buzz from the vibrator. From each secondary post of the coil, I ran a wire, making a gap of about an eighth of an inch for the spark. For an antenna switch I simply took the antenna lead-in wire and clipped it to the receiver if I wanted to receive, or to one side of the spark gap if I wanted to transmit.

All of this time the ship was pounding on the rocks. The rudder had come up through the deck, and the pumps were useless. Everyone was considerably worried, including Cookson.

I had heard the Kvitchak Station that afternoon and knew he was quite close. So with a prayer to Allah and all his relatives, I sat me down on an upended apple box and sent an SOS on my makeshift key. At first no luck, but after the third try, Ernest Danielson, at Kvitchak, came back. I know now how people feel when they win the Irish Sweepstakes.

Yes, the *Standard* went down, but not before everyone got away in the lifeboats. The tugs sent out from shore picked us up at sea, four days later. During those four days each person was rationed a sardine a day, some crackers, and a drink of whiskey if he cared for it. I still don't like the taste of whiskey or sardines. The memory of that combination in my stomach, while riding a tossing life-boat, still lingers in my memory—and that was sixty-three years ago.

HOWARD COOKSON (140-S/SGP) was a Director of SOWP when he became a "SK" 5/22/1975. FS: 1912 SS CUZCO. A real Old Timer with many ships to his credit. He and shipmates drifted 4 days on the Stormy Berning Sea sans comfort and food before rescue. The Captain made a 40-mile position error. Another Story!

Come!

Quick!

Danger!



Many Untold Stories Coming in Future SOS-CQD Editions

RADIOMAN A HERO IN BREAK-UP OF SHIP

One-Armed Operator's SOS on
Makeshift Set Finally Saved
10 Adrift on Tanker's Bow

SAN FRANCISCO, March 20 (AP)—A one-armed radio operator who finally ground out a prayerful distress signal on a makeshift set after four attempts had failed was acclaimed a hero today by ten survivors of the broken tanker *Fort Dearborn*.

Interviewed aboard the liner *Gen. W. H. Gordon*, one of the rescue vessels, they all credited "Sparks"—Radioman Henry F. Wiehr of Los Angeles—with saving their lives.

Radioman Wiehr, despite the handicap of only one arm and smashed glasses, sought vainly to transmit an SOS with broken, water-soaked equipment, and finally, with the help of the chief steward, rigged an emergency set in the charthouse.

The weak SOS was picked up by the *S. S. John Foster* hours after the *Fort Dearborn* broke, and was relayed to the *American President* liner *General Gordon* which was closer to the wreck scene.

STEAMER'S CREW OF 75 SAVED BY WIRELESS CALL

Old Vessel Sold for Pacific
Coast Passenger Business Sinks on Second
Attempt to Round
Cape Horn.

PROMPTNESS OF OPERATOR
RESPONSIBLE FOR RESCUE

Savannah, Ga., Feb. 4.—Wireless reports received here tell of the heroism of Wireless Operator W. G. McGinnis of the Kentucky, who sat at his key sending his calls for aid out into the air until the rushing waters drowned out his dynamo and made his instrument mute. Just as the current felled the black smoke from the *Alamo's* funnels was seen as she came rushing to the rescue.

When the crew had gained the deck of the *Alamo*, Captain Moore of the Kentucky publicly thanked McGinnis and the rescued crew cheered him.

HERITAGE OF COURAGE

Monument Names Updated



Thanks to Ralph Cabanillas Jr., CT1HO/W2BNJ/W6IL, who took the trouble to visit the Battery at the foot of Manhattan, we are able to reproduce photos of the Monument erected in memory of known Wireless Operators who went down with their ships. Needless to say, there are possibly many other names which should be added to the list of these dedicated heroic operators.

Ralph has copied down the list of names appearing on the monument which is reproduced for the information of our readers as many of you knew a number of these old timers who stuck by the key.

Date	Wireless Operator	Name of Ship	Where Ship Sank
August 26, 1909	GEORGE C. ECCLES	SS Ohio	Pacific Coast
September 9, 1910	STEPHEN F. SCZEPANEK	SS Pere Marquett (Car Ferry 18)	Lake Michigan
December 1, 1910	BORIS MICHAEL DUTKO	SS Brindilla	At Sea
April 15, 1912	JACK PHILLIPS	SS Titanic	Atlantic Coast
January 7, 1913	LAWRENCE PRUDHUNT	SS Rose Crans	Pacific Coast
August 18, 1913	DONALD CAMPBELL PERKINS	SS State of California	Pacific Coast
January 30, 1914	FERDINAND J. KUEHN	SS Monroe	Atlantic Coast
August 25, 1914	WALTER E. REKER	SS Admiral Sampson	Puget Sound
September 18, 1914	CLIFTON J. FLEMING	SS Francis H. Leggett	Oregon Coast
September 18, 1914	HARRY FRED OTTO	SS Francis H. Leggett	Oregon Coast
November, 1916	GEORGE ARUNDEL GEARE	Bark Manga Reva	Atlantic Coast
June 12, 1917	JAMES J. CURRAN	SS Moreno	Off Azores
July 31, 1917	RUSSELL A. WILLIAMS	SS Motano	English Channel
May 1, 1918	FRANCIS JOSEPH DOHERTY	SS City of Athens	Atlantic Coast
January 17, 1920	LAWRENCE B. ROBINSON	SS Macona	Swedish Coast
March 7, 1920	EMILE H. HULSEMANN	SS Cubabist	North Atlantic
March 2, 1922	JOHN FRANTZEN	SS Grantoft	Off Hatteras
July 15, 1923	ERNEST E. DORSEY	SS Swiatarra	Caribbean Sea
December 27, 1923	FRED SALIM	SS Conejos	Black Sea
September 8, 1926	PETER L. BACUINKA	SS Haleukala	Atlantic Ocean
December 2, 1926	LAWRENCE M. WARING JR.	SS Cotopaxi	Off Florida Coast
February, 1927	CHARLES F. RUBLE	SS Elkton	Pacific Ocean
October 14, 1928	J. MAURICE BLACK	SS David C. Reid	South Atlantic
November 12, 1928	MICHAEL J. O'LOUGHLIN	SS Vestris	Off Virginia Coast
September 26, 1932	WILLIAM E. ROBERTSON	SS Nevada	At Sea
January 24, 1935	RUSSELL L. MacDONALD	SS Mohawk	Off Jersey Coast
February 12, 1935	ERNEST E. DAILEY	USS Macon	Off California Coast
February 26, 1935	CHARLES JOHN TAYLOR	SS Blairgowrie	North Atlantic
January 11, 1936	FRANK M. CALDWELL JR.	SS Iowa	Pacific Coast
April 11, 1938	PAPAS THEODORON	SS Kyllene	Atlantic Coast
November 30, 1954	DONALD MacNEIL	SS Tresillian	North Atlantic
September 21, 1957	WILHELM SIEMERS	Bark Pamir	North Atlantic
January 31, 1959	C. J. N. DEJLIGBJERG	M/S Hans Hedtoft	North Atlantic
June 25, 1963	JOAHM GEISSLER	M/V Muenchan	North Atlantic
February 18, 1964	JOHN BRYAN HILLIAR	SS Ambassador	North Atlantic
October 9, 1967	CARLOS R. GRIFFITHS	SS Panoceanic Fath	North Pacific

An additional plaque reads: "In grateful memory of those who made the supreme sacrifice at the call of Duty WWI (1914-1918), WWII (1939-1945) They, dying so, live".

Reprinted from the June-July issue of "SGT". Thanks to Ray Meyers and Ralph Cabanillas. The names and ships updates the data which appeared many years ago in Neptune. Ralph is SOWP member 1902-P. He was assigned "NAH" 1931 at the USN-R/S.

Wireless Memorial Battery Park N. Y.

Memorial For Radio Men Lost At Sea Restored

Only Wireless Memorial in the World in Battery Park, New York

Fourteen years ago a granite group to perpetuate the memory of the heroes of the wireless key was unveiled in Battery Park, New York. On the face of the shaft forming part of the memorial—the only one of its kind in the world—were chiselled the names of nine men.

Each year the action of the weather made the lettering on the shaft less and less legible, until it was in danger of disappearing entirely. Those other knights of the key who still carry its glorious traditions forward, and others in whose memory the deeds of these heroic men are fresh, decided that this should not be. As a result, the identity of the wireless heroes, who have since been joined by fifteen others, is now indelibly engraved in bronze. Their fame has been made more secure by the substitution of bronze name-plates for the scarcely decipherable markings on the granite. In addition, each side of the shaft has been provided with a bronze plaque to which other name-plates may be fastened when the hungry seas take further toll of hero martyrs.

When the work of placing the bronze plates was completed recently there were discovered among the names on the shaft three which had not been there before. One was that of Michael J. O'Loughlin, wireless operator aboard the "Vestris" when it sank last November off the Virginia coast. The other two were those of Charles F. Ruble and J. Maurice Black. The former was only twenty-four when the "Elkton" went down near the Philippines in February, 1927. Black was radio man on the David C. Reid, which was lost in the South Atlantic on October 14, 1928.

The change in the appearance of the shaft recalls the circumstances surrounding the building of the memorial, which besides the shaft consists of two benches, one on either side, and a circular fountain forming the center of the group.

It was the death of Jack Phillips, who went down with the "Titanic" on April 15, 1912, that inspired the memorial. Phillips stayed at his key until his apparatus would no longer function. He was picked up by a life raft on which he later died from exposure. Many more would have lost their lives had not Phillips spent the day before the disaster repairing the ship's radio equipment, which had broken down.

About that time, the Radio Corporation of America, then the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, interested itself in the project and started a movement to obtain the necessary funds through popular subscription. The public responded so well that a surplus remained when the memorial was finished.

The cost of placing the name-plates on the shaft has been paid out of this surplus. The memorial was presented to the city of New York on May 12, 1915, by the late Commodore Fred B. Dalzell of the Maritime Association and accepted by George McAneny, acting-mayor at the time, in the presence of prominent clergymen and representatives of the army and navy.

The names appearing on the shaft at the time of dedication were those of wireless operators who, in the words of the inscription cut in the granite, had been "lost at sea at their post of duty" in the six-year period preceding 1915. Besides Phillips they were George Eccles, Stephen F. Sczapanek, Lawrence Prudhunt, Donald C. Perkins, Ferdinand J. Kuehn, Walter E. Reker, Clifton J. Fleming and Harry F. Otto.

Eccles was the first to die. He went down with the steamer "Ohio" near Alaska on August 26, 1909. Sczapanek was lost with the "Pere Marquette 18," which sank in Lake Michigan on September 9, 1910, after all the passengers had been saved. Prudhunt, the youngest of the group, was eighteen years old. He died on January 7, 1913, when the "Rosecrans" sank in the Pacific. Perkins' end came when the "State of California" struck a reef off the coast of Alaska. Kuehn was on the steamer "Monroe" when it sank in a collision off the Virginia coast on January 30, 1914. He was only two years older than Prudhunt, and a New York boy. He invited death by giving his life preserver to a woman passenger. In Public School No. 40, in New York there is a tablet in his memory. Reker was aboard the "Admiral Sampson" when it collided with the "Princess Victoria" off Seattle, on April 25, 1914. He insisted upon remaining with the captain. Fleming and Otto were lost with the "Francis H. Leggett" off the Oregon coast on September 19, 1914.

Others who have name-plates on the shaft are George Arundel Geare, Russell A. Williams, Boris M. Dutko, Emile H. Hulsemann, Fred Salim, Lawrence M. Waring, Jr., Adolph J. Svenson, James J. Curran, Francis Joseph Doherty, Laurence B. Robinson, Ernest E. Dorsey and Peter L. Bacuinka.

On Decoration Day, each year, services are held at the memorial and a wreath placed on the shaft by officials of the Radio Corporation of America. In this fashion are the names of these humble heroes, "lost at sea at their post of duty," honored.

Reprinted from "NEPTUNE" Magazine dated June 1929. Copy furnished by Member, John H. Livingston 865-P (Deceased 9-3-1975)

The Voice of The Wireless

The wild wind sings, my aerial rings,
the storm clouds rush and roll;
The stars have gone and the moon ere long,
will be hid--hear the bell-buoy toll!
No fear of the blast as it rushes past
fills my heart, for 'tis strong and brave,
And I'll do my work and never shirk
as long as there's men to save.

Oh, the steady whirr and the giant purr
of the dynamo sends the fire;
A rushing test as the key is prest,
thru my nerves of trembling wire;
With a crackling snap the great spark-gap
springs to life in a burst of flame,
And I'll do my best if an S.O.S.
comes staggering in thru the rain.

But when the sun is bright and the breezes ligh
thru the pleasant summer days;
My hours are filled with a happier thrill,
and no thoughts of a watery grave;
I say "Good-by" to ships that lie
far out in the ocean's foam;
Just a last farewell, like a broken spell,
from the folks you left at home.

But what of the man who can understand
and master my mighty power?
Give him the praise that's due the brave,
sing it every day and hour;
Without his plans to guide my hand
I would lie in a useless heap,
My electric flood, like sluggish blood,
would clot--and I'd fall asleep!

But I quickly wake and like a snake
my zig-zag sparks fly wide;
I brave the deep and the pathless steep,
when my Master's by my side;
I fear no foe, thru space I go,
at the tempest I loudly laugh;
Man's master mind has conquered Time
with the Wireless Telegraph!

--Revived by "Tate" W8FX

THRILLS & CHILLS—"FLYING THE HUMP"

Experiences of Member 3081 V—Lost while Flying this Dangerous Route

By Jack K. Diamond

I served in the U.S. Army Air Corps, Air Transport Command, in the China-Burma-India (CBI) theater from October 9, 1943 to August 17, 1945. Our airfield was named Misamari (tower call: Queen-King) located in Assam, India, approximately twenty miles from the town of Tezpur.

My first duty assignment was as Radio Mechanic, then Signal Supply Sergeant, after which I became a Flight Radio Operator. Our planes, C-47 and C-46 transports, flew over the "hump" or Himalaya Mountains, to China and Burma, bringing in cargoes of bullets, bombs, aviation gas, etc., to supply the Chinese army and the U.S. 14th Air Force. The course over the Himalayas was justifiably called the "worst air route in the world" in news stories and novels published after World War Two. The air crews who flew this route were awarded combat medals; I myself have the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster.

Our required flying time was not counted in number of missions, of which I had 89; but accelerating amounts of combat flying hours were necessary for rotation. I had 731.25 combat hours and 25.45 noncombat flying hours when I completed my required flying time.

On January 5, 1945 the crews of planes returning from China reported bad weather which demanded almost total instrument flying. They said they were unable to get on top of the cloud layer.

Crews of C-46 aircraft on the Hump route usually consisted of three persons: pilot, co-pilot and radio operator. However on this particular flight we carried a Flight Engineer who was getting in some flying time. The personnel on this flight was made up from several lists as we did not fly with permanent crews. The pilot, Lt. Quinn, was the only man whose name I remember.

Our C-46 aircraft was No. 026; we took off at approximately noon, carrying a number of 55-gallon drums of 100-octane gasoline. The weather board underestimated what we were about to head into: ice, snow and turbulence. Our planes did not have the de-icer boots on the wings; these devices had been removed because it was thought they slowed the plane. Our only ice-fighter was carburetor heat and de-icing alcohol. There was nothing on the wings to break off ice (which is what the ice-boots did). After flying for about an hour on instruments our plane became heavy and sluggish because of accumulated ice. To make matters worse, the two new radio compasses, unfamiliar to us, were inoperative; also we could not maintain our altitude.

On instructions from the pilot, the co-pilot and the engineer proceeded to dump the cargo while I notified Air Traffic Control of our action. We stalled out at 14,500 feet and went into a wing-over, descending to 11,500 feet when our pilot pulled us out of the dive. As the plane had apparently lost enough of the ice in this maneuver, and lightened of her cargo, we pulled up and broke out on top of the clouds at 19,000 ft. We did not know where we were. Thinking he knew the correct heading for Kunming, our destination, our pilot continued flying in that direction. He finally realized we were LOST and instructed me to put out a distress call and ask for a bearing to our destination—or any available airfield. Luckily we received a heading for Kunming which turned out to be almost completely opposite to our flying direction. It was also fortunate that the QSA was good so that the bearing we received to our destination was Class A.

Upon landing and reporting to Flight Operations, the Operations officer showed us on a large map our estimated location at the time of our first radio call in which we had given the information about dumping the cargo. It seems that they had been taking bearings on us when I made that call. It also turned out that at 14,500 feet we had been flying in a valley surrounded by mountains whose altitude was much higher than ours! The operations officer pointed out on the map our location when we were turned around at the time we had been given the heading for Kunming. It was over enemy-occupied territory!

Pacific Typhoon Hits British M-V INVERBANK-GKML 1934

- CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32 -

more owing to the compact weight, while another vessel, laden with lumber, may be filled to capacity without being "down to her marks." The solid weight of iron ore lowers the vessel's centre of gravity towards the keel, causing a quick, jumpy movement or roll out when she is at sea, whereas the lightness of lumber raises the centre of gravity higher, resulting in a long, slow movement. Should a ship's centre of gravity be raised above a certain limit, of course, the upright balance would be destroyed and the vessel would capsize. No doubt our skipper fully realized how "tender" the X— was, and would handle her as carefully as possible.

The days passed in monotonous succession as we pushed steadily onwards over the immense Pacific Ocean. Sometimes, during intervals of leisure, I would lean my elbows on the ship's rail, between our lifeboats, and stare thoughtfully out across restless wastes of limitless, awe-inspiring sea. My duties as radio operator were a matter of routine—copying down weather reports and forecasts; receiving and transmitting an occasional MSG (captain's radiogram on ship's business); taking Press bulletins from KPH (San Francisco Radio) addressed to CQ (all stations); charging and re-charging batteries; keeping records up to date; "TR"-ing passing ships; sending daily time-signals to the bridge; and cleaning my "gear." There is always some little job to be done around a radio "shack."

Then, about five hundred miles south-east of the Aleutian Islands, I picked up our first warning—an ominous report of storm.

THE WARNING

Faintly to my ears through the mush of "static" came the sound of three long dashes of the Morse code, repeated again and again in groups of TTT . . . TTT . . . TTT—the prefix of a radio navigation-warning. I tuned and re-tuned, trying to pull the quivering signal "nearer." Recognizing the stilted dots-and-dashes of a Japanese operator's "fist," I finally made out the dim call-letters of JOC—Ochisi Radio, on the coast of Hokkaido. I was unable to "get down" the message completely, owing to the weakness of the signals, but I knew JOC would repeat his TTT, when I could fill in the words missed on his first transmission. An operator cannot be too cautious in such instances; the half-sure message is merely a conjecture with many possible meanings, all of which are guesswork and liable to be extremely hazardous to a ship's safety at sea.

JOC's second transmission came through with less "fading." The complete message turned out to be a regular Japanese typhoon warning. Hurrying to the bridge, I handed it to our Captain.

"Storm warning, sir," I said. Captain Smith read the message, frowned, and then turned to me. "Let's have a look at the chart, Sparks," he snapped.

I followed the "Old Man's" stocky figure into the chart-room and watched him spread North Pacific maps upon the wide-topped chart desk. As he marked off his calculations it was easy to see our ship was right in the path of the storm-centre.

"Sparks, lad," said the Old Man, gravely.

squinting at me over his glasses, "we're in for a bit of a blow! Keep a good watch for any more news of this gale."

"Yes, sir," I answered.

Each day thereafter the minging JOC sent out at regular intervals a report on the position, direction, speed of movement, intensity, and wind-force of the approaching typhoon, all of which were duly noted down on the ship's chart.

The heavily-labouring Pacific gradually developed a distinctly sinister appearance, while dark skies frowned blackly down upon our restlessly squirming and high-loaded ship. Occasionally, in the surprising quiet, our bows would delve pugnaciously into some huge, long wave, scattering spray over the decks.

At night my head ached as I lay stretched out in my bunk trying hard to get some sleep. The air was still and heavy with heat; the X—'s roll seemed uncomfortable and uneasy. Sometimes I felt convinced that ships are almost human in the way they react to different atmospheres and circumstances.

At length, finding rest impossible, I lit a cigarette and went out on deck. My radio shack and living-quarters adjoined one another at the after-end of the boat-deck.

"No sleep, Sparks?" asked a voice out of the dimness.

"I'd like to, but I can't," I answered. "Too hot or something."

Mr. Dalgleish, also in pyjamas, was leaning against the rail close by. "Neither can I," he said. "Some devil's work is brewing up for us; there's no doot about it. It's nigh on 100 degrees in my cabin below. This quietness is getting me worried. I dinna like it, Sparks!"

"No; it looks pretty threatening, Chief," I agreed.

We talked there in the darkness for a little while, our cigarettes glowing redly, our voices echoing into the night as if we were inside some great cathedral.

Some time later I climbed resignedly back into my bunk.

Half-consciously, and with annoyance, I sensed something heavy against my knees. Vaguely I knew I must wake up. An ear-splitting crash opened my eyes wide, and I found my knee-caps pressed painfully into the bulkhead as the X— lurched drunkenly. Outside I could hear a crescendo of fury, and all my possessions were jiggling monotonously up and down the cabin floor. From the radio-room next door came loud thudding noises.

Tumbling out, I struggled into my trousers and tackled the mess. Thrusting the gambolling pictures, matches, ashtrays, magazines, books, talcum powder, toothpaste, brushes, broken glasses, soap, shoes, razor blades and so on into a corner, I blocked them off higgledy-piggledy with the wet carpet, jamming the whole in place with fallen-out desk drawers.

TYPHOON!

The instant I opened the door it was jerked savagely out of my grasp and banged madly back on its hinges. An angry gust of icy, spray-laden wind slapped viciously at my face, leaving me completely breathless. Sea, sky, and wind seemed to have gone insane.

The gale screeched, howled, and roared; thunder snarled; and jagged, crackling lightning zigzagged across the flying clouds. Dawn was just breaking across a threshing, white-crested maelstrom of raging ocean. Gigantic masses of sea reared to incredible heights above our masts as the ship plunged dizzily into cavernous troughs of froth-streaked green. It was obvious the typhoon was upon us!

Grabbing at the door, I wrestled it to a final slam; then I hauled myself hand-over-hand along the 'thwartship rail towards the radio cabin.

At that moment a cloud of spray burst over the side, leaving me drenched and gasping; a thousand boring fingers of screaming wind plucked savagely at my clothes and rushed deafeningly into my ears. One moment I hung to the rail staring at the boiling depths, the next moment an angry sky glowered down at me, each deep roll placing my body almost parallel with the deck.

Scrambling and slipping, my clothes flapping wildly, I finally reached the radio-cabin door, strained my way inside, and forced the door shut.

Wiping my streaming face, I looked around in dismay. Drawers, chair, ink, pencils, books—everything swam in a great puddle of sea-water, which, a moment later, was further augmented by a swishing dollop down the roof ventilator. That confounded ventilator! Climbing up on the radio desk, I stuffed it tightly with a chair cushion, meanwhile hanging on with one hand to the aerial lead-in insulator.

My receiving-set was soaked, and I switched on the batteries with misgiving, fully expecting it to be dead. To my vast relief the note of KPH came dancing in with a call to one of the Matson liners.

To further satisfy myself that all was well with my equipment, I gingerly started my generator, listened to its comforting hum for a moment, then pressed my code key. Nine

amperes showed on the aerial ammeter. I felt decidedly better.

Meanwhile, cold, clammy water washed over my ankles as I tensed myself against the careering floor, and a sort of Irish stew of books, pipes, dry cells, erasers, message-forms, and radio parts shuttled from wall to wall with a clatter.

I fixed the shifting mass temporarily, and had commenced to bale out with a tobacco-tin and bucket, when the bridge 'phone rang.

"Hello," I said, disgustedly, picking up its earpiece.

"Are you all right down there, Sparks?" shouted the voice of Bertie Holland, our young Chief Mate. "Any more news?"

"Fine," I replied. "No; nothing since last night's report, but there's another due at nine o'clock. How's it look to you?"

"Awful," he bawled, through his wind-filled 'phone. "Seems to be getting worse. The glass has fallen to 29'16; been falling all my watch. I think we're—" He broke off suddenly, and I heard him yell at somebody: "Get to blazes out of that!" The 'phone went dead.



"I found myself scrambling upright."

- CONTINUED ON PAGE 19 -

No planes took off that night because of very bad weather over the Hump route, which had therefore been closed. The next morning, when planes were taking off ten minutes apart and we had a little time to spare, the pilot instructed the flight engineer to "stick" the wing gastank to make sure the extra fuel we required for the return trip had been given us as signed off by the ground-crew chief. Our flight engineer found that the tank was almost empty; we had NOT been refueled! The pilot angrily called the control tower, upon which the matter was taken care of.

Shortly after take-off we had to fly on instruments because try as we might, we could not get above the cloud cover. Our "repaired" radio compasses went out again. At long last we broke out into the clear over Burma---not a cloud in the sky. But again we were lost! The pilot instructed me to put out a MAYDAY; we got bearings to reach an airfield in Burma but they were poor. We made tentative preparations to bail out if necessary while flying over some of the roughest, thickest jungle I have ever seen. At one point our pilot said he thought he knew where we were and what heading to take. With all our prayers we kept flying in that direction. Then ahead we could see India, and shortly thereafter we saw an airfield. The pilot called in for landing instructions but the tower reported that they did not have us in their traffic pattern. What field was this? I saw that there were C-47s parked on the field and thought it might be Jorhat which had troop-carrier C-47s. I was right. We landed, filled our almost empty fuel tanks and flew to our home base.

A normal Hump trip took about eight to 8½ hours. For this trip we logged fifteen hours flying time; THAT WAS ONE HELL OF A TRIP!

My third (and fortunately last) distress call occurred about three months later. I cannot recall the exact date, the plane number or the names of the crew members. We left Misamari one afternoon aboard a C-46 transport with a cargo of boxed hand-grenades for the Chinese army. Shortly after take-off we flew into heavy turbulence which tossed the plane about, up and down, as though we were on a roller-coaster. The storm and the turbulence increased; first one and then the other engine would cut out alternately as if starved for gas; when the pilot got one engine started again the other would die. He instructed me to put out a distress call while he and the co-pilot fought to keep us airborne. There was a fortunate assist by the updraft turbulence which tended to keep us near our assigned altitude.

Ultimately we flew out of the storm but the plane was not responding as it should. Because we did not know what the extent of the damage was we decided to return to our base and I received a bearing and permission to do so.

The term "White-Knuckle Flight" was not in vogue then; however I know one radio operator who didn't breathe too easily as we limped home---and fortunately landed safely.



Victims of The Sea

There's a graveyard beneath the sea
Where many victims lie,
And no flowers can be sprinkled
For there are no passer's by.

How long ago did they die?
No one can really say,
We only know they died at sea
A harsh but cruel way.

The sea does tell her story
In no way you'll understand,
Of her many victim's glory
Who died not on the land.

You may see a piece of driftwood
As it lies upon the sand.
Then you'll wonder where it came from
And how it reached this land.

But when you get much closer
It's not driftwood you shall find,
But a ship of an ancient vintage
That came from another time.

What of the men who sailed her
This ship of long ago?
This be one of many storie's
That we shall never know

There's many victims of the sea
Yet the sea shall never tell
How these victims met their death
And where in her they dwell.

R.V. BEAN



H.A. 'Jock' MacLaren 1111-SGP Relates his Experience

I continued my mopping-up operations and eventually managed to get the general scene into some sort of order. The clock showed 7.30 a.m. as I again forced my way through the door and staggered back along the salt-encrusted rail.

In the drab light of early morning the scene was decidedly awe-inspiring; the elements appeared bent on crushing us to matchwood. Immense deluges of rumbling sea continually wallowed over our poop, hiding the stern and rushing menacingly towards me across the creaking deck-cargo. The wind screamed and whistled through the rigging with hurricane force, while one side of the docking-bridge hung lopsided, badly smashed, and two deck ventilators drooped brokenly. I could see a few dim figures desperately trying to cut adrift the pounding wreckage.

Changing my footwear and wet clothes, I donned a coat and then sallied forth again in the direction of our dining-saloon, hoping to find something hot to drink.

Making headway along that reeling boat-deck was a nightmare! With only a few yards to go, a veritable wall of water struck me flat. I gripped frenziedly at the man-rope, sucked in a gulp of air, and struggled to rise, only to be thrust down again. I rolled over, heard someone shout; then an icy sea soared over my head.

A rending, splitting crash shook the deck, and astonishingly I found myself scrambling upright, bruised yet very much alive. The ship started its drunken return roll, and the tangled wreckage of No. 4 lifeboat shuffled towards the sea as I clambered quickly down the lumber and darted through the saloon door. Had it been No. 2 boat my life would have ended horribly, for I had been beside it when the wave bowled me over.

Inside, I found "Tubby" Mulvaney, our Second Mate, and a Goanese mess-boy doing their best to splint-up the broken arm of a Lascar seaman, who lay on the floor groaning. Removing my sodden coat, I squelched over to lend a hand.

OUT OF CONTROL

Later, with hot tea and a peg of the Old Man's brandy inside him, Tubby told me our telerotor steering-gear had burst an oil-pressure pipe and was useless; moreover, our starboard engine had failed. In other words, the X--- was out of control, and at the mercy of the typhoon!

No food was available, as a heavy sea had swept right through the galley, smashing the stove and wrecking everything else. Except for a couple of mess-boys, who were carrying on alone, the cooks had panicked.

Somehow that horrible day passed, with the barometer hovering around 28.98. Each dizzy reel swung the crippled ship crazily on to her beam-ends, with thousands of tons of vicious sea roaring over us, rails twisting, ropes snapping, wires twanging, wind shrieking, and deck-load creaking. All through this inferno I sat with my earphones on, listening-in, sending out weather conditions as given to me from our bridge, awaiting JOC's latest storm reports, and trying hard to ignore a gnawing pain in my side.

Aware that my brother-officers were fully occupied with their own duties, I propped

myself in my chair and "stayed put" in the radi cabin throughout that seemingly interminable night. It was all I could do.

The ether was surprisingly quiet, but at 3 a.m., a Japanese ship sent out an emergency call. She had lost some men overboard, and asked for a "good look-out" to be kept for them though it seemed to me that in such a storm there was no hope for the poor fellows. He weather report said, in typical Japanese-English that the sea was "Phenomenal." Her position placed her about two hundred miles ahead of us which meant the typhoon covered our own course. I 'phoned the message to Tubby on the bridge.

Around 7 a.m. one of the gallant mess-boy pushed his way through my door, unwrapped a steaming jug of cocoa from a sopping towel beamed all over his brown face, and produced a bacon sandwich from a pocket. I've never tasted anything so delicious!

When daylight crept through my portholes I saw a replica of the preceding dawn---high, running seas; dull, grey skies; and low visibility. Lightning crackled, with attendant thunder, but was not so continuous. A driving rain had commenced to fall.

At 8 a.m. the pain in my side had become excruciating. I decided I'd better do something about it, and once again stepped out into the weather. Making my scrambling way along the boat-deck without mishap, I found the Mate in his cabin changing his wet clothes after coming off watch.

"Hullo, Sparks," he said. "Anything smashed up in your place yet? It seems the old tub's being busted piece by piece."

"Not up to now," I replied. "Did you see me get washed away? My side's giving me hell; I think I must have wrenched it."

"I saw you all right," he told me. "It's a marvel you didn't get killed. Let's have a dekho at your side. There's some liniment in that cupboard."

Examination revealed a large bruise stretching from hip to shoulder-blade, and spreading inward to my spine. Bertie lent me a hand to rub the liniment in---a painful process. We were hollow-eyed and unshaven, hungry, and feeling not a little worried as we braced ourselves against the X---'s continual mad plunging. We didn't talk much, but both of us were aware of a feeling of impending disaster. Could the ship endure such a terrific pounding and survive? At any moment one of those enormous waves might crush us into a mere mass of tangled metal.

At noon, the weather showing no signs of improvement, Captain Smith ordered the deck-cargo to be jettisoned. This would, or should, ease the dangerous rolling and lessen the liability of damage to the ship.

From my porthole I watched anxiously as our Third Mate, carpenter, and one Lascar A.B. set about breaking off the lashings holding down the sodden two-ton baulks of lumber. The brave fellows were in great danger as they worked, for those wooden monsters, once released, were liable to take charge without warning.

One solitary lashing remained when the ship lurched drunkenly over on her side. The stout wire snapped like a thread, and before my horrified eyes the whole inanimate mass of timber suddenly galvanized into life and movement.

Tubby and the carpenter flung themselves desperately at the nearby rigging and climbed to safety, but the unfortunate Lascar was too late; he disappeared beneath the rearing baulks as they plunged overboard.

Shuddering, the ship flung herself upright and then rolled over once more, tumbling the jostling baulks into the sea one on top of another.

It was all over in a few minutes; the remaining baulks jammed themselves fast and lay there dormant, washed by the frothing seas. This jam gave the ship a nasty list, making her movement even more awkward than before. The two white-faced men clinging precariously to the rigging commenced to lower themselves just as my 'phone rang.

"That you, Sparks?" asked Captain Smith's voice.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Send out our position and say we've jettisoned the deck-cargo. Here's the position---49.30 N 179.30 E. That's approximate, of course. Got it?"

I repeated: "49.30 N 179.30 E."

"That's right. Let me know what ships pick it up, and get their positions if you can."

"Very good, sir."

"And stay off the decks!" he suddenly bawled in my ear. "The Mate tells me you nearly got killed. I've enough trouble on hand just now without having to wet-nurse my officers! Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," I replied meekly.

I drew up the message in proper form and transmitted it, repeating each word twice. Three vessels replied---an American liner, a Japanese Maru boat, and a British tramp-steamer. They gave me their positions, speed, and courses, which I 'phoned to the bridge.

Then, as I sat back in my chair, an unexpected drowsiness overwhelmed me. I felt my strength oozing deliciously away, and wondered casually where it was going. Monotonously now, the howl of the tempest outside crept to my ears as a dismal lullaby.

Gra-a-a-sh!!

I found myself slung bodily across the room, landing fairly on my bruised side against the radiator. My head struck something with a thud. Struggling dazedly to my feet, I instinctively made for the door. Another jangling blow on the radio-house threw me against the transmitter



"I was helping the Third Mate to drag the First Mate over the high step inside."

panel. I watched awestruck as one stout steel bulkhead bulged bodily inwards towards me.

The 'phone rang. With an effort I reached for it.

"All right, Sparks?" asked the Old Man's gruff voice.

"Yes, sir," I said. "I got a whack on the head, nothing worse."

"How's your set? Anything smashed?"

I asked him to wait while I tested my two spark-transmitters. Both worked.

"Fine!" exclaimed the Captain, when I reported results. "One of those big logs came back aboard and charged into your place. Keep inside."

AMATEUR SURGEONS

About half an hour later, once again seated in front of my apparatus, I heard voices outside. My door burst wide open, framing two dishevelled figures, one assisting the other. Before I knew it, I was helping the Third Mate to drag the First Mate over the high step inside.

We shut the door and laid Bertie on the floor. His face was a mess of blood and salt water, horrible to behold. Tubby 'phoned the Old Man on the bridge, who instructed us to carry the injured man forward. Tubby and I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20)

SINKING OF THE ADMIRAL SAMPSON



SS 
Princess Victoria
 MCM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE - 5)

The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America sent the following letter to Theodore Reker, Chief of the operator:

"Mr. Theodore Reker, 3014 Steventh Street, San Francisco, Cal.

"Dear Mr. Reker: Now that the first shock of your bereavement has passed, this company ventures to extend to you some measure of its appreciation of the noble devotion to duty shown by your son, the senior Marconi operator on the Admiral Sampson, who calmly and heroically went down with the ship he had served so well.

"Our official reports show that as the vessel was sinking he made his way to the bridge to report to his captain, deliberately ignoring opportunities of securing safety with the passengers and thinking only of his duty as a ship's officer. It is evident that had he chosen he might have saved his own life for he was off duty and asleep at the time of collision, and the wireless appeal for aid to the sinking vessel had already been answered. That he further upheld the Marconi tradition and sought instead his post by the side of the commanding officer makes his record an immortal one with those who have courageously gone to death in the simple discharge of duty.

"Your son was one of our most valued employees, a thoroughly reliable and efficient operator, held in high esteem by fellow workers and his superior officers. Appreciation of his ability was expressed many times during the period he was in our service; in fact, on the very evening prior to the disaster Captain Moore of the Admiral Sampson praised him highly to Superintendent Irwin and expressed the wish that this company would not transfer him while the captain was in command.

"We sincerely share your grief that so promising a career should have been brought to such an untimely end and seek what small consolation there is in the thought that the great voyage on

which he has embarked will be more glorious than the fateful one which took him from us and from you."

W. E. Reker was born in St. Paul, Minn., twenty years ago. He entered the Marconi service eighteen months ago and had been detailed at various times on the steamships Dirigo, Dorax and Admiral Sampson.

Wiehr reported that there was absolutely no necessity for using the wireless apparatus of the Sampson because when she struck he could hear the operator of the Victoria communicating with ship and shore. He assisted several passengers in adjusting life belts and took charge of a three-year-old boy. When the Sampson was about to be engulfed by the waters he was compelled to throw himself over the side. He was drawn down by the suction of the sinking vessel and when he came to the surface seized a bit of floating wreckage. He clung to this until one of the life-boats reached him.

George S. De Sousa, traffic manager of the Marconi Company, sent the following letter to Wiehr:

"Dear Mr. Wiehr: According to the reports I have received concerning the loss of the SS. Admiral Sampson, you conducted yourself well, and I wish to extend to you a word of appreciation for faithful service nobly performed under trying conditions.

"Facing death fearlessly in the line of duty has become a tradition among Marconi operators, but your consideration for the safety of passengers when your official duties had been discharged showed a high courage that will live long as an inspiration to your fellow workers.

"We treasure the thought that actions such as yours have been performed in the service of this company and that we have in your case an instance of exceptional devotion to duty in the cause of humanity.

"I am happy your life has been spared and I trust that you will continue to enjoy and merit success in our service."

HENRY F. WIEHR A SALUTE!

EDITOR'S NOTE The "Sampson Story" is a reprint of the sinking of the S.S. ADMIRAL SAMPSON-WAS by the Canadian Pacific Liner SS. PRINCESS VICTORIA-MCM on Aug. 25 1914. Copy of the story which was published in the Oct. 1914 issue of "The Wireless Age" was furnished by Henry Wiehr, Charter Member of SOWP No. 82-Senior SGP. Henry became a "Silent Key" on Oct. 19 1979 after a lengthy illness in Crescent City Calif. He was Junior Operator on the Sampson and was on duty at the time of the sinking. He remained at his post of duty -- sending SOS and contacting Station "KPE". He did not leave until ordered to do so. His shipmate, Walter Reker drowned after giving his own life-preserver to a passenger who did not have one. His name is recorded on the "MEMORIAL TO WIRELESS HEROES" in Battery Park, New York. Henry once informed us that his Shipmate 'Walter Reker' was ... "ONE SWELL GUY!"



'TYPHOON' - MacLaren

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)

managed it somehow, though I don't remember much about the journey.

Captain Smith couldn't possibly leave the bridge—where, incidentally, he had remained for the past forty-eight hours without sleep or proper food—so it was left for us to do what we could for poor Bertie.

He was quite conscious as we stripped off his wet clothes and wrapped him in blankets, but unable to speak. I filled a tumbler almost full of brandy and held it to his lips; he drank it all down as if it were water. I doubt if he even tasted the fiery stuff!

Meanwhile, Tubby had been studying the ship's Medical Guide, as advised by the Captain, and our faithful mess-boy had contrived to procure some hot water.

"Have you done any stitching, Sparks?" asked Tubby, presently, as I gingerly washed Bertie's blood-coated face.

"No," I said. "Well, neither have I. Now's our chance to learn. It says one stitch to every half-inch..."

The Mate's only serious injury, with the exception of some nasty abrasions and cuts, was an almost-severed upper eyelid, which made it appear as though his eye was about to fall out.

Tubby smashed a glass tube containing an emergency needle, threaded ready for use, while I cleaned up the wound and shaved away the eyebrow. Bertie, luckily, was now either drunk or unconscious, for he never moved beneath my clumsy fingers. His forehead, I noted, was badly swollen from the terrific blow he had received.

"Let's toss for first try," suggested Tubby. Solemnly we spun a penny. I won.

We decided that three stitches were necessary, and I held Bertie's head while Tubby, his feet braced against the ship's ceaseless rolling, went to work on the flimsy eyelid. The needle went through the lid easily enough, but somehow it wouldn't pierce the skin below the brow. I felt quite sick.

Changing places, I had a go at forcing the needle through—entirely without success. Bertie moaned, poor fellow.

"Go easy, Sparks," urged Tubby, anxiously.

Terribly afraid that I might puncture the eyeball, I finally gave up. Then Tubby tried again. This time, thank goodness, he managed it, making quite a good job of the stitching. His steady hands and infinite patience deserve every praise.

Referring to the book once again, we dressed the wound with gauze, cotton, and iodine, as directed, and bandaged everything in place. Toward the end our patient raised a shaky hand towards the bandage, but we gave him some more brandy and the hand fell again. Together we lifted him into his bunk and tucked him in. He lay very still, his eyes closed.

Both of us helped ourselves to a liberal tot

of the remaining brandy; we felt we'd earned it. Somehow, feeling a complete wreck, I got back to the radio cabin and planted myself in the chair at the desk.

The remainder of that stormy afternoon passed quickly into evening. Over the 'phone the Old Man's voice sounded anxious; it appeared that we were now being blown back off our course towards the Aleutians. Meanwhile, the engineers continued their superhuman efforts to repair the engine and steering-gear; occasionally a metallic clang would reach me from down below. The emergency steering-gear had been rigged three times, only to be promptly carried away again; that was how the First Mate had been knocked out. Surprisingly, the only men I actually saw during the storm were those I have mentioned.

The majority of our Lascar crew donned life-preservers and crouched around the funnel, wailing wretchedly. A few of them, however, took their share of danger like men, proving themselves real sailors.

When morning came I rose from the cramping grip of my chair and looked out at the weather. I beheld a scene of utter desolation, with our badly-damaged ship still wallowing helplessly. Every now and again white-capped seas crashed spitefully over her. The sky looked as ugly as ever.

At noon the mess-boy burst through my door, beaming happily, bringing a mugful of steaming broth! Guzzling joyfully, I asked the why and the wherefore of the heavenly stuff.

He grinned widely. "Man is hungry; man is not more 'fraid, sir," he replied. "In galley are cooks working. I name them women. Man is proud, even cooks. They make fire. We make soup." His hand gestured grandly at my mug.

It became obvious, later that afternoon, that the typhoon was passing. JOC's reports told us its direction continued SSEward, with gales and squalls. Huge seas still hurled the X—about, but they were not quite so bad as formerly. By 8 p.m., the howling of the wind had diminished, and we were not taking so much water on board. The ship's list was now very noticeable, but there was nothing we could do about it; it was hopeless to think of tackling the deck-load again.

That night I went off watch at the normal hour, 10 p.m., and headed for my living-room. The X—seemed to be riding more easily; she still rolled heavily, but she did it lazily. I believe the old ship was quite proud of herself!

Soon after that, to everyone's joy, the repairs were duly effected, and we reached Yokohama safely. The Japanese doctor there declared Bertie's eye-wound was "an extraordinary manifestation of happy ending." Even the scar, he said, would not be visible when his eyebrow grew again, thanks to Tubby's fine work with the needle.



Cunard Liner "Lusitania" Equipped with Marconi Wireless System.

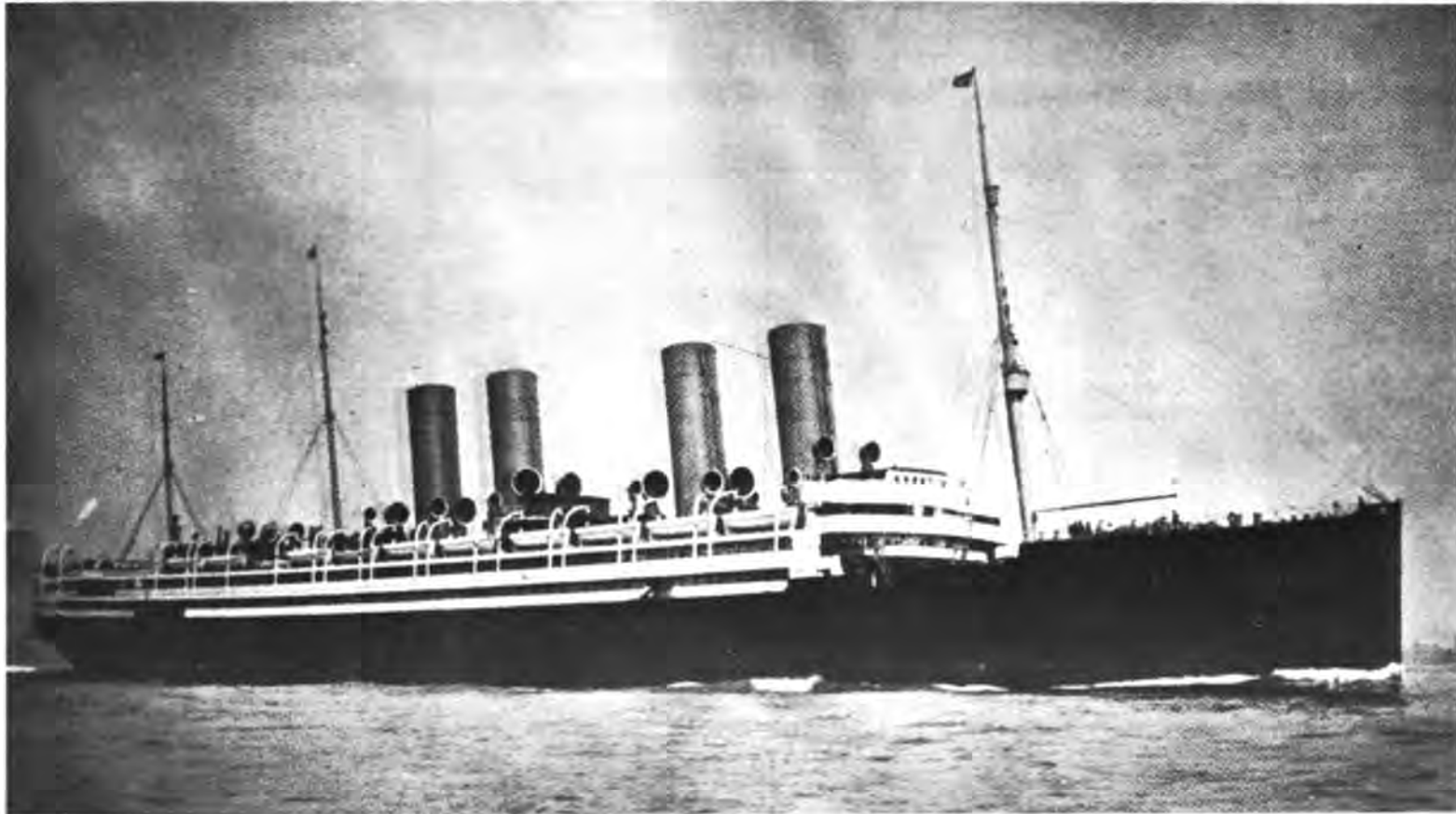


LUSITANIA TORPEDOED - WIRELESS SAVES 764

Operators Robert Leith and David McCormick alerted all ships and land stations near Kinsale Ireland. Their efforts saved 764 lives. It was a scant 20 minutes the wireless on "MFA" had to work before the ship slid under the waves and transmissions silenced. 1157 lost their lives to the U-Boat "Wolf-Pack".

SS. CITY OF HONOLULU-KUSD AFIRE AT SEA

The 'story' of the burning of the S.S. CITY OF HONOLULU--KUSD was told in detail in the Society's 1973 Year Book. The fire occurred Oct. 12 1922 about 700 miles West of the West Coast. The precise position was Lat 31-07 N., 131-40 W. Operators included W. P. Bell (Chief); H. D. "Duke" Hancock (2nd) and Norris C. Kumler (3d who was on watch when fire discovered. "SOS" was sent at 8.30AM as ship was being abandoned and all except the Captain (H.R.Lester Chief Officer, Chief Engineer and Chief Wireless Operator Bell left on board. The S.S. West Farallone picked up the survivors about 4PM. Transfer was made the next morning to the USAT THOMAS as the West Farallone could not accommodate the 262 individuals rescued from the stricken ship. Chief Bell was working at great odds just before abandonment as the ship was listing to starboard over 35 degrees. However his sending was smooth and steady -- as cool as his nerves. Two hundred and sixty two owed their most ultimate debt -- their lives to the Wireless and the efficient trio aboard who were responsible for its operation.



S.S. KRONPRINZEN CECILE / DCI

This rakish "Four-Stacker" of the North German Lloyd Line made history in the summer of 1914 when she reversed her course enroute Germany and made a dash for the American Coast and a haven from British men-O-War out to capture or sink her. The "Cecile" arrived off Bar Harbor Maine on August 4th where the ship and crew were interned. Later, after the United States declared war, the ship was taken over and renamed the SS MOUNT VERNON/KDCZ. She was used as a troop ship across the Atlantic. On one occasion, she was torpedoed by a German "U" Boat off the Coast of France. The torpedo struck one section of the engine-room which was sealed off by water-tight doors. 36 crew members perished in the compartment but the vessel reached Brest. The ship was 'moth-balled' after WW1 by the USSB and broken up for scrap shortly before the outbreak of WW2 where she might have been used to advantage.

The Secret in The Ship's Safe

PRELUDE

By Cdr. E.J. Quinby, USN (Ret.)

During my vacation from Engineering School in the Summer of 1914 I was assigned by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America as Marconi Man aboard the trim little Pilot Steamer NEW JERSEY (KNJ). She and her sister NEW YORK (KNY) took turns at spanking around in the vicinity of Ambrose Lightship or Scotland Lightship out there in the Atlantic outside of New York Harbor, to put pilots aboard inbound vessels and take them off the outbound vessels, in fair weather or foul. Using my 10" spark coil transmitter and my clockwork driven iron wire detector, it was my duty to arrange the rendezvous with each steamer requiring this Pilot service, and to handle reports of the arrivals and departures via the Marconi shore station WSE at Seagate, Coney Island.

We thus served all types of vessels, including everything from humble rusty Tramps to magnificent Ocean Greyhounds. An occasional Wind-jammer showed up along with the more modern ships, like the speedy LUSITANIA and the swift MAURITANIA of the Cunard Line or their White Star Line rivals also flying the British flag. They competed with the French Line speedsters and the North German Lloyd contestants in the race to build bigger and more luxurious ships to make faster and faster crossings and win the coveted 'Blue Riband'.

Dropping off the Pilot was the moment that brought the signal on the engine-room telegraph FULL SPEED AHEAD, and the start of that crossing's race in the competition. In the communication by Wireless with these famous liners, I learned to recognize their etheric voices. There was the hoarse, rough rumble of the Marconi spark-gap and the more musical rotary gaps of the United Wireless, especially the clear synchronous rotaries, and the piercing high pitched quenched gaps of the German Liner's Telefunken transmitters. In many cases I recognized their identity before they signed their call letters. Thus I recognized the big KRONPRINZ-ESSIN CECILE as she came down the channel after leaving Hoboken. This Wireless Operating, I mused, has its fascinating moments.

On the third morning after starting on this interesting assignment, I noted that we were surrounded by a pea-soup fog, with our fog signal blatting out at regular intervals, which augmented the big fog horn aboard the nearby Lightship. Other more distant fog signals came from various points of the compass, as I entered the little Marconi office on the main deck, carrying with me a cup of hot coffee from the breakfast table. Just as I put on the headphones to listen for unseen ships seeking the Pilot Steamer, I heard a series of rapid short toots from our own whistle. I glanced out through the big port-hole above the operating counter to behold a big white Fruiter carrying a bone in her teeth and ...heading straight for the NEW JERSEY. Like a great ghost she appeared so suddenly through the surrounding gloom that we had no opportunity to dodge her. Shortly I found myself frantically sending the cryptic S O S distress signal as the salt water crept up around my ankles and submerged my "accumulators" to raise a noble stink. Unable to open the door of the sprung deckhouse, I wriggled head-first out through that king-sized porthole, landing on the flooding deck with a soggy thud. A short swim brought me to the safety of our working boat, which the Apprentice Pilots had promptly launched. Thus I survived to resume duties aboard our sister steamer NEW YORK (KNY). From her I watched our boat crew get one of our Pilots off near the sea buoy as one of my shipmates commented... "There goes the TEN DOLLAR FOUR-PIPER". I failed to understand until he explained that the picture of the big KRONPRINZ-ESSIN CECILE adorned our ten-dollar bills, a fact which our Treasury Department has never explained.

The only 'four-pipers' we ever had were the U.S. Navy's swift Destroyers. We watched as the "Crown Princess" gathered speed for her dash across the Atlantic. We wondered if THIS would be the crossing that would win her the coveted Blue Riband. We were, of course, ignorant of the fantastic fortune that had been loaded in her hold at Hoboken, and we were quite unaware of the sinister secret that reposed in her ship's safe. Nor could we guess that THIS was to be the trip when she would demonstrate the real speed of which she was capable when, pursued by the combined flotilla of French and British Destroyers seeking to sink her or capture her, she crowded on unprecedented speed in the mad dash through dense fog, fleeing literally for her life and the lives of all on board including Captain, Officers, Crew and passengers. Thus was set the stage for:

THE SECRET IN THE SHIP'S SAFE



The Secret In The Ship's Safe

Ask any school boy when and how World War I started, and he will undoubtedly tell you something about the assassination of the Grand Duke of Serbia in 1914. But comparatively few people are aware that Germany had carefully planned the horrible conflict to engulf all Europe fully two years before that incident. The Imperial Government simply used the assassination as a plausible excuse when all their preparations were completed and they chose to start the terrible holocaust. The proof? It was contained in a sinister manila envelope entrusted to the Captain of the swift North German Lloyd steamer, KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE. He was instructed to place this document in the ship's safe, and never to break the Imperial German seal and examine the contents until he received a special coded message. The message which would permit him to open the envelope was to be an announcement that some member of the Imperial Family had become ill, and it would be signed "Sigfried". That was early in 1912, and Captain Charles Polack complied, locked the mysterious envelope in his ship's safe, and forgot about it.

It wasn't until 10:08 p.m. on Friday, July 31, 1914, that the coded message came. At that moment, KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE was steaming eastbound across the Atlantic, having left New York three days before. She was bound for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen, carrying more than 1000 passengers, and in her unusual cargo was \$5 million worth of gold coin in simple-appearing wooden kegs from the Guaranty Trust Company's New York vaults, another \$3 million worth from New York's National Trust Company, plus a vast horde of heavy silver bars estimated at \$5 million in value, all consigned to Germany. She also carried some 2,800 sacks of mail, the contents of which will probably never be known except to the addressers. But she was never to deliver this rich cargo to the other side of the Atlantic. Things got out of control of the Fatherland and moved too swiftly, once they got started.

As KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE approached the English Channel, her sleepy wireless operator sat inside the little dog-house labeled DER DEUTSCHES BETRIEBT GESELSCHAFT FUR DRACHTLOSS TELEGRAFIE MIT BESCHRANKTE HAFTUNG. He was copying a routine commercial message when he was jolted wide awake by an interruption in mid-text. Suddenly the German wireless station began sending "Urgent and Confidential", followed by a message addressed to Captain Charles Polack, Master of the vessel.

Under a July 31 Berlin dateline came the text: "Erchard has suffered attack of catarrh of the bladder". And the signature was "Sigfried".

A messenger handed the envelope marked "Urgent and Confidential" to the Captain, who took it to the privacy of his cabin before opening it. As he scanned the message, he was mystified by the news it contained. He didn't remember any acquaintance named Erchard. But the signature jogged his memory. "Sigfried" was the signal to open the sealed orders in the ship's safe! Twirling the combination dials with nervous fingers, Captain Polack opened the steel door and hastily tore away the Imperial seal on the manila envelope. Inside was the startling message, then two years old: "England, France and Russia have declared war on Germany. Take your ship to the United States." Actually, Russia had not yet declared war on Germany. Evidently that part of the diabolic plan had misfired in the utter confusion that had quickly developed.

Ordering the wireless silenced and the ship's external lights doused, the Captain made his way to the big ballroom and interrupted the orchestra. As he stepped out on the stage, the dancers paused expectantly, to hear his incredible announcement.

"I have bad news for you, Ladies and Gentlemen;" he began, "war has been declared and I have orders from the Imperial Government of Germany to take this vessel to a neutral port in the United States." His audience gasped, and he continued. "You will all please go immediately to your staterooms and put out your lights. Cover your port-holes. Nobody is to have access to the wireless. And smoking on deck is verboten."

Even as he spoke, a steward handed him another wireless dispatch, and after glancing at it he added, "We have just learned that a French naval vessel has reported our position to a couple of British destroyers which are trying to intercept us."

Accordingly, KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE put about and crowded on every bit of speed she could manage -- and she could go like a deer when necessary. When dense fog settled around her, she continued her mad flight, terrifying her passengers. Captain Polack reasoned that it would be better to run down and sink any enemy vessel attempting to stop him rather than to submit to capture, even if it meant sinking his own ship!

A group of prominent and wealthy passengers aboard who had urgent business in Europe

About the Author . . .



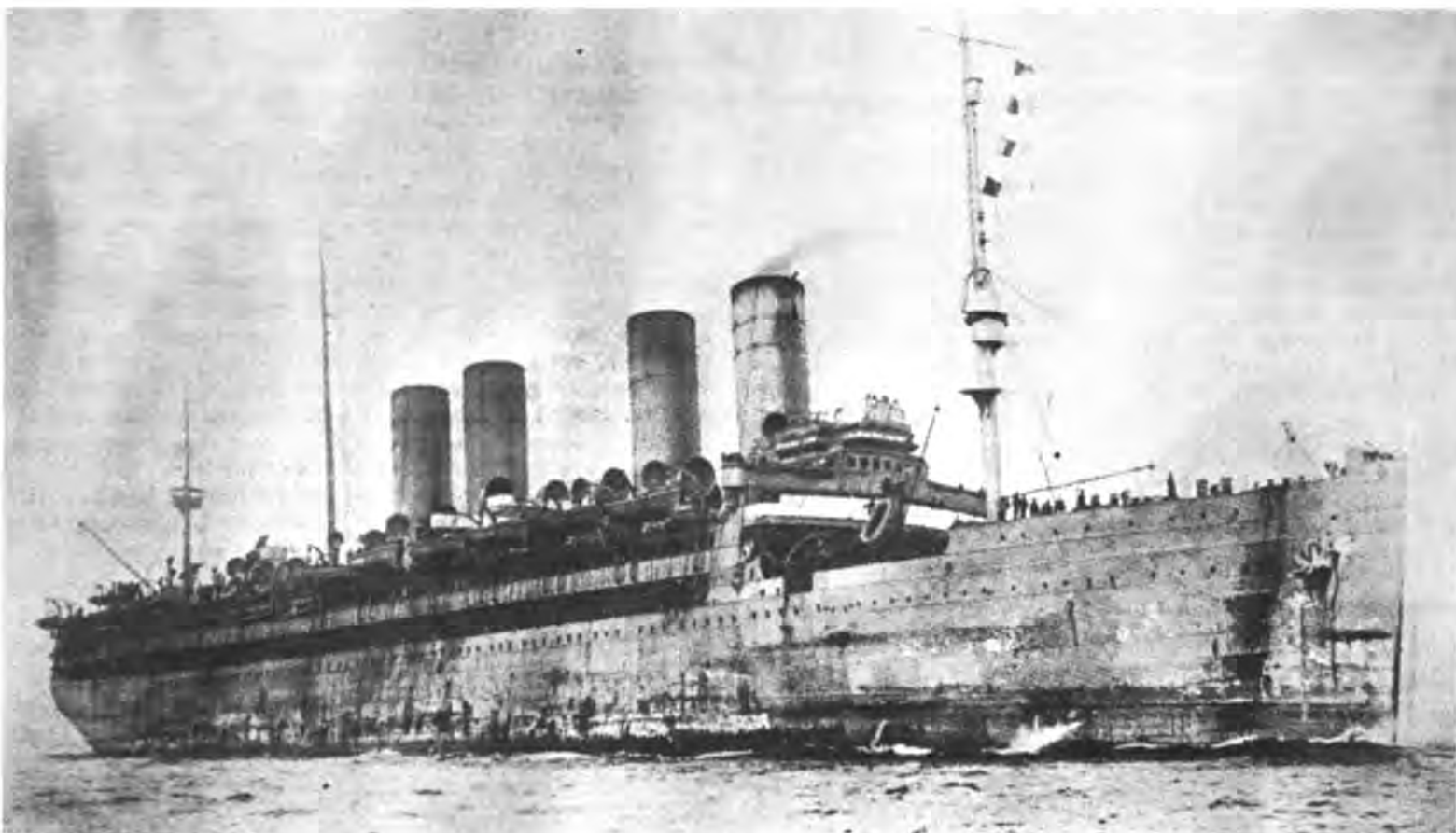
Cdr. E. J. Quinby, USN (Ret.)

Jay Quinby's association with the sea began at 19 when he was rescued from a watery grave after a collision while aboard a pilot boat in New York Harbor. In the Navy during both World Wars, he continued his love for and of steamboating by serving as Chairman of the Board of Greene Line steamers (DELTA QUEEN) and by writing a book on his experiences on a tramp steamer as a Wireless Officer entitled . . . "IDA WAS A TRAMP". It is a fascinating book and has been one of the best sellers in its field. By virtue of his long association in the Radio-telegraphic (Wireless) Communication's field, he holds the Classification of one of the SENIOR - Spark-Gap Pioneers (402) in the Society of Wireless Pioneers, Inc.

made up a purse, and approached Captain Polack with an offer to buy the vessel for the \$5 million she was reputed to be worth, with a handsome personal bonus to him if he would accept and head for Europe under the American flag. But he declined the offer, and the ship raced on through the fog, day and night. Meanwhile her crew was busy repainting her four tall funnels in British colors, even hanging over her bow and her stern to obliterate her real name.

Bar Harbor, Maine, was the closest American port, but Captain Polack had no charts of that small haven. It was an experienced American yachtsman aboard the big German liner who offered his services to Captain Polack, being familiar with the harbor's treach-

Continued on Page - 23



USS. MOUNT VERNON - KDCZ

The thousands of troops that crossed the Atlantic on this ship knew her more intimately as the S.S. "VERMIN" and perhaps for good reason - the least of which was that it rhymed with "Vernon". Parasites were always a problem on troop ships (or "Troopers" as they called them,) and not the two-legged variety either !
Picture - Courtesy Smithsonian Institution.

Ship's Safe Quinby

erous, rocky entrance, and his assistance as pilot was promptly accepted. Thus it was that the residents and vacationists at that fashionable resort awakened on the morning of August 4, rubbed their sleepy eyes and took a second look -- for there riding comfortably at anchor was the huge liner. After her exciting 3,000 mile dash, her frantic passengers were anxious to get ashore and learn what was happening, but they were confined to the ship, awaiting the arrival of Customs Officers and Immigration Doctors from Boston. While they waited impatiently, they eagerly paid as high as \$10 per copy for newspapers passed up to them by local boatmen.

While U. S. Navy destroyers took up a vigil to insure our neutrality and to protect the fantastic treasure in her hold, KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE waited like a 'possum treed by hungry hounds, for just outside the International limit British destroyers cruised back and forth past the harbor entrance, expecting her to make a run to escape internment. But Captain Polack discreetly chose to accept the lesser evil, and the U. S. Coast Guard Cutter ANDROSCOGGIN arrived to supervise that restriction. The little steamer J. T. MORSE came alongside the big liner and took off a mysterious party of German officials, transferring them to a Boston train at Rockland. With the arrival of the Customs Officers and Immigration Doctors, the Maine Central R.R. steamer, NORUMBEGA, began transferring the processed passengers and their baggage to the trains. When they had all gone, ANDROSCOGGIN came alongside, and under an appropriate armed guard, the wooden kegs full of gold coin and the heaps of heavy silver bars were ferried to the Bar Harbor dock, to be rushed by special train back to the New York banks - some 40 tons of the stuff!

The crew of KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE settled down to await the quick victory they expected to be accomplished by the Kaiser's forces, accepting internment as a sort of brief holiday. But as the war was prolonged and they gloomily observed the changing fortunes of their Fatherland, they became disconsolate. When it became obvious that the United States would enter the conflict on the side of the Allies, the big ship's crew began secretly to sabotage her engines, hoping to put her permanently out of commission. But they were interrupted before completing the task, with the result that they were removed from the vessel which was towed to a Boston shipyard. There she was thoroughly overhauled and rechristened U.S.S. MT. VERNON, to become a troop transport. As such, she carried more than 35,000 American doughboys overseas to help provide the deciding factor that caused the defeat of Germany. On one return trip, carrying wounded soldiers home, she was hit by a torpedo from a German submarine but fortunately survived the attack and made it safely into the harbor at Brest.

Perhaps the biggest moment in her operations under the American flag was on an April morning in 1919, when she steamed into Boston Harbor through the mist, some 6,000 doughboys returning from the battlefields swarming over her topsides and crawling up into her rigging better to sight their native shores. Eventually melted down, her remains served us again in the second conflict with Germany, for her "bones" were reprocessed into arms and ammunition.

All of which wasn't exactly as Kaiser Bill had planned it!

The German four-stacker was built at Stettin, Germany, in 1906, of 19,503 tons, 685'x 74', with twin screws driving her at about 23½ knots. She was interned after her appearance in Bar Harbor, and seized after we entered the war, and renamed MOUNT VERNON. She was not broken up for scrap until W.W. II. Both views from the SSHSA.

BAR HARBOR

END & BEGINNING



SSHSA photobank photos



At Bar Harbor



SSHSA photobank photos



The warship obscuring the Bar Harbor waterfront is the ANDROSCOGGIN.

KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE anchored in Bar Harbor, Maine, in 1914. NORUMBEGA shown alongside.

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STEAMBOAT BILL

The Steamship Historical Society of America, Inc. 414 Pelton Avenue, Staten Island, N. Y. 10310



MAROONED IN PARADISE

Early Wireless Operator waits hopefully for the next visit of the 'Turtle' Schooner to take him off his Island. Pix by Author, "Jay" Quinby (Swan Island - 1914)



FAMOUS SHIPS

Pacific Coast Liner "Congress" of 1913



Profile of the "Congress" as she appeared on completion in 1913



BY J. H. ISHERWOOD

AMONG the numerous and interesting passenger ships that have operated on the coastal runs up and down the West coast of North America none, I think, have had a more varied and unusual career than the *Congress* of 1913. Her owners, the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, formed in 1879, had for many years been the premier company on the coast, their main route being between San Diego and Puget Sound.

In 1906 they had progressed from the 2,700 tons or so of the old *Queen* (1882) and *Senator* (1898) to the 5,453 tons of the *President*, a single-screw ship, followed next year by the *Governor* with twin screws, both of 392 ft. in registered length and built by the New York Shipbuilding Company. Finally in 1913 they produced their "million dollar" flagship, the *Congress*.

LAUNCHED 1913

Also built at Camden by the New York Shipbuilding Company, she was a ship of 7,793 gross tons, 4,912 net, and was of a type rather similar to the Ward liners on the East coast, a cross between the "Sound" or coastal hurricane-decker and an ocean-going liner.

Registered dimensions were 423.9 ft. x 54.9 x 17.4 ft., giving her an overall length of about 442 ft. She had three overall decks, the upper one a shelter deck, with side doors for cargo forward, and a long boat deck from the bridge to the stern. Below that were the usual long rows of staterooms with numerous "Railway carriage" windows.

With four holds and capacity for 3,400 tons of freight she had nine main bulkheads, giving very good subdivi-

sion. The twin screws were driven by triple-expansion engines, constructed by the builders, with cylinders 28 1/2, 46 1/2, and 79 ins. in diameter and a stroke of 54 ins. Total ihp was 7,000 and this gave a speed of 14 knots. The cylindrical boilers were oil-fired.

A total of 500 passengers could be carried and the standard of accommodation and decoration was considered the finest on the coast. It was stated that the winches were designed with special gearing to reduce noise. The West coast passenger services at this time were expanding considerably and there was increasing competition amongst the companies. The *Congress* was, at the time, the largest coastal passenger ship under the American flag, but she was no record-breaker, for the Pacific Navigation Company was operating the triple-screw direct turbine-driven *Yale* on the same route.

The *Congress*, after coming round via Magellan Strait from Camden went on the company's service between Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego and on her first arrival in San Francisco was given a civic reception, with headline news in the local papers. As the new crack ship on the coast there was great praise for her splendid accommodation and also for her safety devices.

It cannot be said, though, that she was any great beauty. The company, in the *President* and *Governor*, had gone in for very tall, thin funnels and this also applied to the *Congress*. The hull was all black, the funnels and masts nearly vertical, the funnels being black with a red Maltese cross near the top. These crosses were not very conspicuous and hardly show at all in most photographs.

FIRE! 1916

But the *Congress* was only to have three years of glory on the run. On September 14, 1916, bound for 'Frisco and when off Crescent City, fire broke out in one of the after holds. The crew attempted to smother it with steam but flames spread through the cargo below decks and eventually through the hatchways to the superstructure above. Passengers were mustered and the captain wirelessed for help, made for the coast and prepared to abandon ship.

Due to the heat and rapidly growing intensity of the fire it was impossible to use the boats on one side of the ship but all passengers and crew, 253 and 175 respectively, were got away in an orderly manner and no lives were lost. The Coos Bay coastguard station sent out boats to the doomed ship and a dredger to act as a landing stage and survivors watched as their ship burned from end to end, glowing in the intense heat. A salvage ship, the *Salvor*, which arrived, had her paint blistered when 100 ft. away and was unable to get a line aboard.

Strangely however when the fire had burnt itself out and the ship was apparently reduced to a blackened hulk, it was found that her machinery was little damaged. In fact it is reported that she proceeded to Seattle under her own steam with the help of two tugs.

RENAMED NANKING

—KKEE—

There she was rebuilt for a sum equal to her original cost, but the Pacific Coast Steamship Company did not retain her and she was sold in 1918 to the China Mail Steamship Company, a newly-formed concern based at San Francisco and intent to some extent on taking over the service abandoned by the Pacific Mail, between 'Frisco, China and Japan,

CHINA MAIL SS. CO.

The company seems to have been largely owned by Chinese residents in San Francisco and being partly foreign-owned was not allowed to operate in the Hawaiian trade. Three ships were owned, the old ex-Pacific Mail *China*, of 1889, the *Nile*, an 1893 ship from the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, and the *Nanking*, the *Congress* renamed. The company's colours were the same as those of the Pacific Mail, black hull and black funnels, but I do not know how the *Nanking* had been rebuilt at this period, for the company did not last for more than five years.

Debts piled up and all the ships achieved an evil reputation for the smuggling of opium, with huge fines to be paid for each seizure by the Customs. In 1922 the *Nile* was withdrawn and in 1923 the *China* was arrested in Hong Kong for debt and the *Nanking* was laid-up at 'Frisco. She had to be sold by public auction in November to satisfy claims against her owners.

ADMIRAL LINE FLAG

The only bidder was the Pacific Steamship Company, the "Admiral Line", the company which, under the ownership of the Alexander family, had in late 1916 taken over the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, and the Pacific Alaska Navigation Company. They obtained the ship for 750,000 dollars, renamed her *Emma Alexander*, and

gave her a very extensive rebuild. Her funnels were reduced in height, the bridge enlarged, the boat deck removed abaft No. 3 hatchway and bulwarks added forward and amidships.

With these changes and a white strake along the top of her hull she now looked her best, a real ocean liner. Internally she had been greatly improved and her fire extinguishing arrangements fully modernised. Funnels were now buff with black tops and the Admiral Line houseflag in a white circle. She was ready for service in February 1924 and then returned to well-known waters, between Seattle and Los Angeles, being welcomed back along the coast.

One of her running mates was the *Dorothy Alexander*, ex-*President* (the *Governor* had been sunk in collision in 1921) and they were joined by the *Ruth Alexander*, ex-*Callio*, ex-*Sierra Cordoba*, and the great *H.F. Alexander*, ex-*Great Northern*.

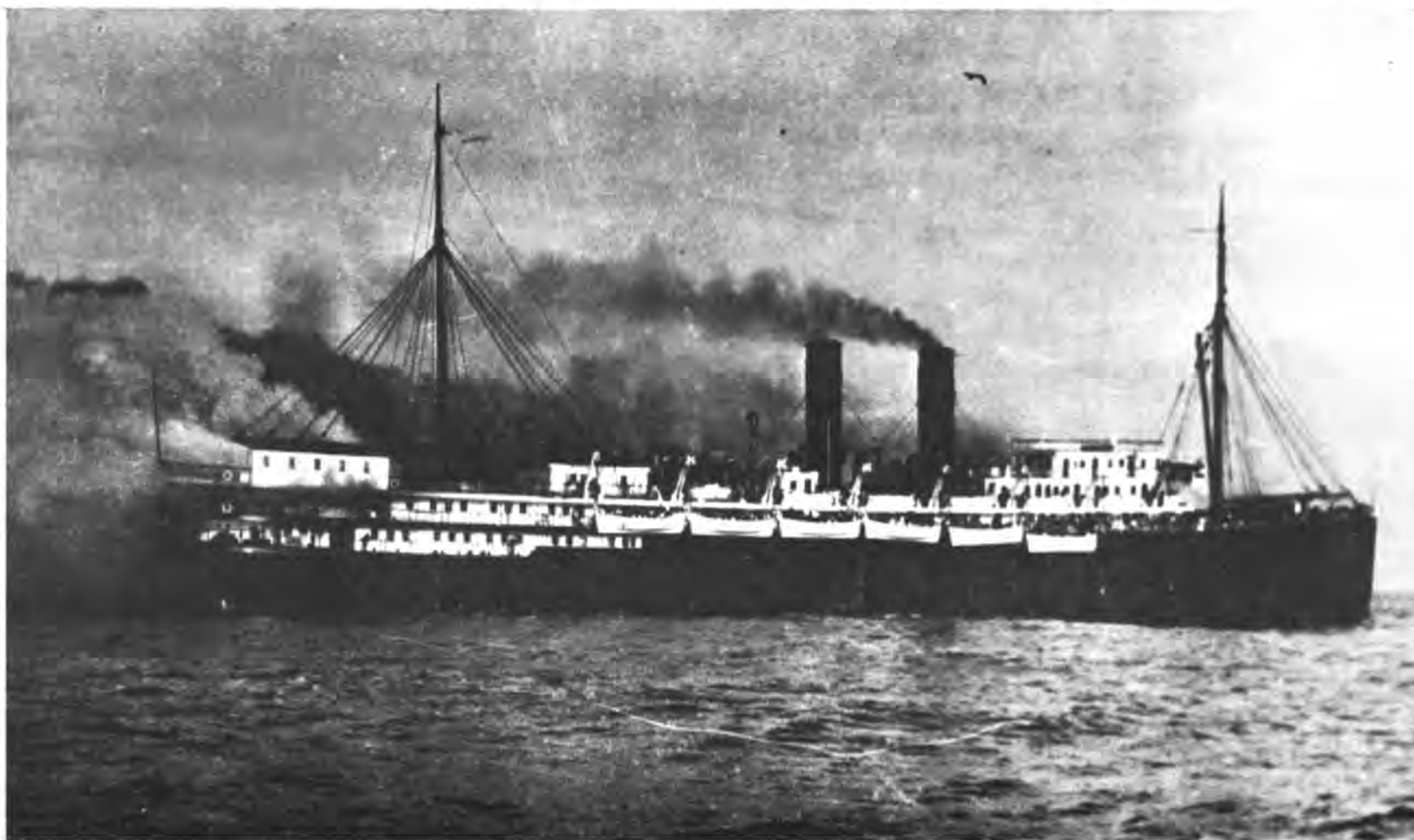
EMMA ALEXANDER WGCN

The *Emma Alexander* was once again in her element as a passenger ship up and down the coast but it was only to last for a bare 10 years. Rate wars, improved road and rail travel and the general world slump put the Admiral Line into such serious trouble by 1930 that in 1934 it went into liquidation and

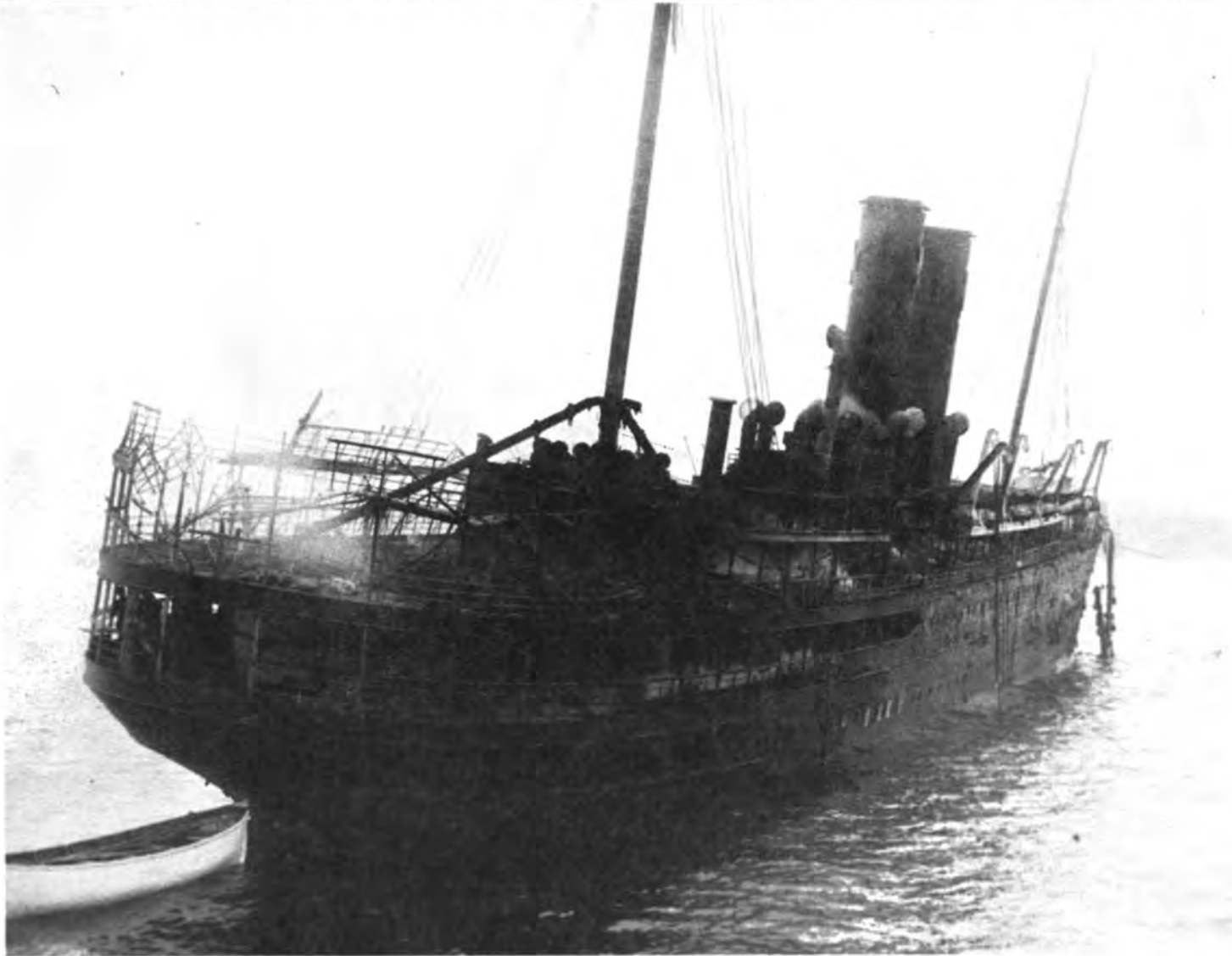
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The "Congress" was renamed "Nanking" and then "Emma Alexander" in 1916

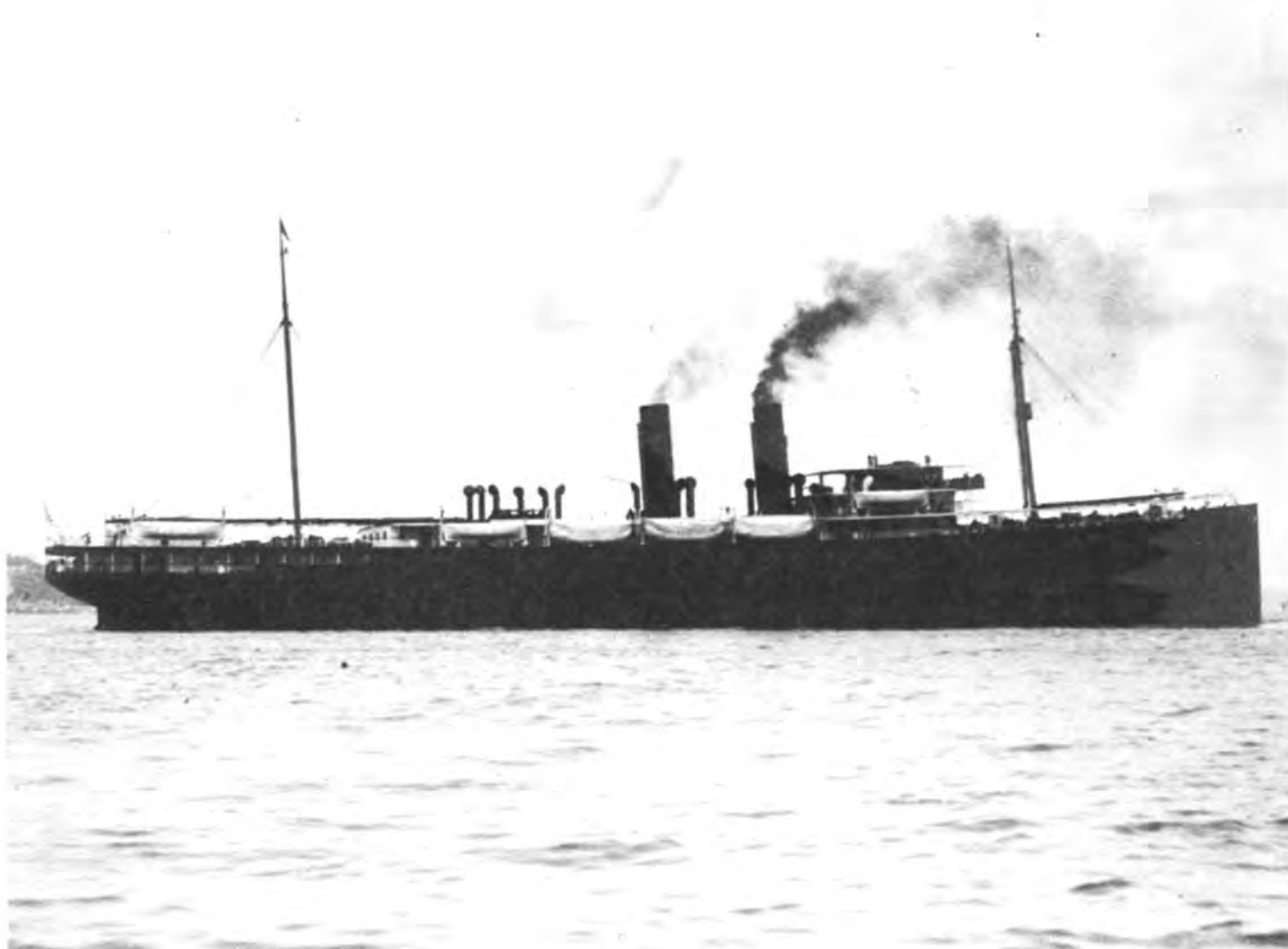


Crack Pacific Coast Steamship Company Passenger Liner SS CONGRESS (WGT) on fire off Coos Bay, Oregon on September 14 1916. The 253 passengers and 175 crew members were saved after leaving the ship on life boats after Wireless Operator Charles A. Lindh sent SOS for help. The ship was Northbound to Seattle from San Francisco under command of Captain Cousins. The \$2 million flagship had been in service only 3 years. The fire was first noticed after ships passed Crescent City but call was delayed until too late. The ship was launched in 1913. She was 424 feet long and 7793 Tons. Fire was of unknown origin. Picture by Joe D. Williamson.



S.S. CONGRESS AFTER THE FIRE

Fire was reported the ship's after-hold while abeam Crescent City as the ship sped northward on its regular schedule from San Francisco to Seattle. Captain N. E. Cousins and his officers tried to bring the fire under control but as the ship neared Coos Bay Oregon, flames enveloped the whole ship. Fortunately the sea was calm and there were no casualties. The Dredge Col. P.S. Mitchie and the Tug Salvor arrived to assist. Few ships have been so devastated in a holocaust of fire as the Congress and not sink. It was found that the hull was still sound so the ship was towed to Seattle, drydocked and rebuilt at a cost of two million dollars - the original cost of construction. The job took 14 months. She was renamed the SS NANKING and placed on the Trans-Pacific Run from S. F. to the Orient along with the SS CHINA/WWA and the SS NILE/VRE. Photo - Courtesy Joe D. Williamson



S.S. NANKING (KKEE)

Picture of the rebuilt liner SS Congress, renamed NANKING as she looked while sailing for the China Mail Steamship Company. Regular schedules were maintained across the Pacific from 1918 to about 1924 by China Mail. The Liners Nanking, China and Nile (British Registry) were alternated on this route. Captain Dobson was 'skipper' of the Nanking until the service was terminated circa 1924 due to some large libel suites filed against the ships for smuggling dope and on white slavery charges. The Nanking reverted to her original owners and was renamed the SS EMMA ALEXANDER. Photograph - Courtesy Joe D. Williamson

SAGA OF THE S.S. CONGRESS

(CONGRESS - CONTINUED)

was taken over by the Dollar Steamship Company. By this time the *Emma Alexander* was showing her age. She was no longer wanted and was laid-up on the Alameda mud flats off Oakland. She was to lie there for six years.

SS.EMPIRE WOODLARK ENLISTS

In 1940, so great was the need for ships for troop transport duties, the British Ministry of War Transport took her over, under a lease-lend agreement. Overhaul was to be carried out in the U.S.A. and the *Emma Alexander* was taken off her mud flats and got ready for war. So also was the *H.F. Alexander*, to become the U.S. transport *General George G. Simmonds*. The *Emma Alexander* was renamed *Empire Woodlark*, to be manned and managed by Canadian Pacific Steamships Ltd.

The British crew, going out to Halifax in the *Britannic* and then by train to Vancouver, were held up there for three months and put in a camp in Port Coquitlam, where they were made very welcome. The *Empire Woodlark*, meanwhile was refitted, her boilers retubed, and she was given an overall coat of grey paint. The crew, on joining her, were "not impressed", but later came to consider that for her age she did quite well. She quietly moved off one night to Frisco and then left via Panama for Halifax.

There she received a stern gun and some machine guns and then sailed in convoy for Liverpool, being severely reprimanded en route to making so much smoke. It was discovered later, so the story goes, that some timber scaffolding had been left in the boiler uptakes.

FAR EAST ASSIGNMENT

She arrived in the Mersey on December 7, 1941. On January 5 she started her trooping career by sailing for Singapore with men of the King's Liverpool Regiment. Refuelling at Freetown, Capetown and Durban on the way, a day or two before arrival she heard that Singapore had fallen to the Japanese and so made off at her best speed to Colombo. There she found a chaotic situation and was sent on to Bombay where she disembarked her troops.

Going on to Karachi she was there provided with electric fans in her accommodation and loaded a quantity of tungsten ore, which seems to have been forgotten later. She then returned to Durban, which was to be her base for the next 2 1/2 years, shuttling troops from the large transit camps in South Africa up to the Persian Gulf, Suez, Mombassa, India and Mauritius.

At times she returned with refugees and she also took U.S. troops to a port in the Gulf that the Americans had built for transferring stores and vehicles to Russia. From there she carried the Shah and some of his family down to South Africa and also took some Polish refugees to East Africa.

When Madagascar was invaded the *Empire Woodlark* landed men of the East African Rifles in Majunga, making a surprise attack at night, but the men were put ashore in the ship's boats and landing craft without incident and went on to capture bridges on the way to Antananarivo. The *Empire Woodlark* then lay for a fortnight in the Betsiboka River before being sent back to Durban for more trooping.

On one occasion when trooping unescorted she was ordered to heave-to by an unidentified cruiser which sent over a boarding party to find out who she was. It turned out that the cruiser was H.M.S. *Calvo* and that the *Empire Woodlark* had never been listed in her code book. Frequently in her Indian Ocean trooping she was in convoy, often with the ex-German *Empire Trooper*. But she was never intended for tropical service and her crew suffered badly from the stifling heat on board when in the Gulf.



SS. NILE (VRE) San Francisco Bay



S.S. Emma Alexander - WGCN



Mascot of Ops on the SS EMMA ALEXANDER/ KKEE in 1928. "Jerry" Zobel 788-SGP, called "CQ" for short (Sea Canary to you landlubbers). Member Earl Thomas 1308-SGP was with Jerry on KKEE.



THE WIRELESS PIONEER



Commodore W. Earle Wohler - SOWP #4-SGP WIRELESS OFFICER SS NILE - VRE 1919-1920

DAV'Y JONES CLAIMS EX CONGRESS

Eventually a relief crew for her was sent out from Britain and, I think, brought her back to the U.K. In November 1946 she was taken to sea with a load of unwanted chemical ammunition and deliberately sunk, but I have not been able to find out where. Apparently the old ship did not want to go for the first charge failed to ignite and a member of the demolition crew had to return on board and set a second charge—a most unpleasant duty. This time the ex-*Congress* exploded and went to the bottom. Thirty-three years old she was still pounding along with her original machinery. Her life had been long and hard and her trooping voyages were a far cry from her grand years as a crack ship up and down the "West Coast". The Camden shipyard must have put some sturdy work into her for the old ship had certainly "done her stuff".

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Sea Breezes

THE MAGAZINE OF SHIPS AND THE SEA

Editor: Craig J. M. Carter

Sea Breezes, 202 Cotton Exchange Building, Old Hall Street, Liverpool 3.



"Sparks"—F-WGT ;—KKEE ;—WGCN—

Plus China Mail Liners

Following is listed the names of Wireless Officers Assigned to the SS Congress (F)(WGT); SS. Nanking (KKEE) and the SS Emma Alexander as listed in the Late Commander Richard Johnstone's book "MY SAN FRANCISCO STORY" (1965). Included in the listing are Those who also served on the SS Nile and SS China. It is believed the list is incomplete.

F-WGT
SS CONGRESS:
Charles Lindt, Irvin Hubbard, George Baxter, John A. Marriott, J.W. Marrow, Mullnix.

SS. NANKING - KKEE
Ralph H. Burr, H.Duke Hancock, J.W. James, Don Mair, E.H. Martinelli, B.C. McDonald, John L. Slater, Edmund B. Smith, Ben Stairley, A.P. Bill Warnock.

S.S. NILE - "VRE"
W. Earle Wohler (Commodore); John T. Bray, M. Hulderman, C.M. Moreus, Don Mair, Tom Watson, J.B. Boyle.
S.S. CHINA - WWA

Howard Cookson, Bill Erich, Phil Thorne, Jim Gleason, W. A. Lafferty, Carl C. Langevin, John F. Parachini, C. A. Peregrine, Russell B. Price, L. C. Snow, J.C. Thime, Frank Rutzen, George Van Aulken, Travers.
EMMA ALEXANDER - WGCN.
Jerry Zobel and Earl Thomas. Call was still KKEE.



Flames in the Snow

By—Charles L. Skelding—VE2ABZ

One summer morning our sylvan idyll was blasted apart by the arrival of the Royal Canadian Air Force with three airplanes. F/O Rutledge in command. They were there to do a photographic mission using Northrop Delta airplanes about which least said soonest mended. They gave me quite a bit of official traffic to Ottawa mostly to do with keeping their airplanes flying. They were a nice bunch of fellows, about twelve in all and I appreciated especially the sophisticated food that they had along with them such as canned chicken and sausage. The sausage was of a different brand to ours and far better; when they left we made a deal with them having to do with leaving sausage behind. I don't know how many of these lads survived the war as they were all on active service.

Towards the end of September I received a signal from our Company headquarters which upon deciphering at least twice, seemed to indicate that we were to either stay where we were or move the whole camp to another location. Permit me to hastily explain that this seeming ambiguity had nothing whatever to do with the way in which the message had been transmitted but rather due to its coding. In the business of looking for gold all traffic is encoded and I don't think that even the military go to greater pains to preserve secrecy. The key to the code for any particular day or date was based on a book of code words which anyone having anything to do with traffic of any sort kept on his person and I guess was supposed to swallow if threatened by members of a rival mining faction.

When the text was finally sorted out it turned out that we were to pack up at Fort Reliance and stand by to be moved to a place called at that time Wray Lake. I believe that the name was later changed to Indin Lake. The place is in the Nahanni

country not far from the famous Headless Valley featured in song and story mostly by people who have never been there.

The radio station was to be set up because of the isolation of the spot during the freeze up period. You can appreciate that there is a period, quite variable usually, between the water of the lakes being too hazardous for float planes because of the danger of quick freeze which would immobilize them but good and yet the ice not having achieved sufficient thickness to support an aircraft. Quite naturally many chances were taken between these two conditions and many true stories exist of planes glugging their way to the bottom of lakes upon which the ice was too thin to support their weight, and of crews chopping their 'quick-frozen' airplanes out of the ice, and using various principals of leverage to get them ashore to await further ice development. However I am talking about the safe mode of prudent conduct during freeze-up in which you lay your airplanes up on land at a prepared base until the water is well-and-truly frozen over with hard blue ice of sufficient depth. The lay-up time is used to change over from floats to skis; this really places the airplanes out of service.

The man in charge of this new camp at Wray Lake was Slim Gamey, another employee of the Company with whom I was not previously acquainted. Besides Slim and myself there were three prospectors, Jack Tibbet, Pete Johnson, Bill Campbell and a cook hand-man Max Shemko. Max was from North Battleford, Saskatchewan and he never let anyone forget it. I have never been there but it must be a wonderful place. All were experienced at setting up bush camps and in making themselves comfortable in what was, to say the least an inhospitable environment. It was cold all of the time; you could never forget the cold, it was a never ending battle and it started to snow the

day after we arrived and it never stopped for all of the time I was there. True it was never a hard driving snow but rather a drifting down of granular type pellets. Consequently, it never did get very deep on the open lakes, but in the bush without snowshoes it was armpit deep in no time at all.

Placed alongside this place Fort Reliance took on the status of the Seigneur Club in my mind; the encampment had four sleeping tents plus a larger tent as cook-house and mess hall with a small lean-to a hundred feet or more away to house the generator. These buildings, if they can be called that, consisted of an ordinary wall tent canvas top and mounted on a floor made up of saplings and having the first three feet or so of side walls constructed of small trimmed spruce trees about four to six inches in diameter suitably notched so as to be self supporting.

Primitive as these dwellings were, they were at the same time quite comfortable. The snow was banked up to the tops of the log wall base and rendered this part draught free, and they were heated by means of a wood-burning surveyors stove. They're made of light sheet metal, about two feet diameter and two and a half feet high; they can never be left unattended because of the draft control. Should the draft get out of hand the thin sides glow cherry-red hot within seconds. There was a plentiful supply of burning wood about but of course in giant economy sized lengths which had to be reduced by means of saw and axe to burning size, a never ending task. One department in which I was able to shine, pardon the expression was the lighting of the shacks. The only lights had been naphtha lamps until I strung a 110 volt line and placed a 60 watt bulb over each bunk. This was considered to be great stuff by my fellow adventurers — all the comforts of home, almost.

The lake got its fringe of ice

almost from the start of my stay but it was some time before it froze over in a sheet because of the wind which kept the surface of the water continually agitated. We were isolated alright except for the radio. Slim figured it would be three weeks before there would be sufficient ice for the planes to safely land.

I had the radio gear set up in my tent on a sort of bench made from two packing cases. We had three antennas, two centre fed doublets fed with EO1 cable, for the commercial frequencies and an end fed Zepp for the ham bands. Things developed into a very easy routine. Daily skeds with Gordon Lake and Yellowknife were dropped for the time being because of our lack of plane activity and all hands felt that should the need arise I could break in on their net with any traffic. I spent the time keeping warm, hamming, and collecting rock specimens.

Things kept to this even tenor for a couple of weeks until one morning, when just Slim, Max and myself were in camp, all three simultaneously thought we could hear a plane. A plane? What in the world is a plane doing up here at this time? Where is he going to land? We dashed outside and to our horror, we saw that the noise we had heard was no plane but a FIRE! The radio tent and the one next to it were enveloped in flames.

"FIRE! FIRE!" we yelled to no one in particular and dashed towards the burning tents. To fight the fire we had hand pump type Pyrene extinguishers but we may as well have saved our energies for all the good it did. You can imagine how quickly the canvas tops burned with the breeze behind the flames. The pine bottoms went just about as fast. I dashed down to the lake with a bucket in hand with some idea of starting a bucket brigade but then the ammunition which had been stored in Slim's tent started popping off.

About that time the other lads returned to camp but about all anyone could do was stand

around helplessly while the whole lot went up in smoke.

Suddenly someone said, "dynamite!" He may only have said 'dynamite caps', I don't know, but none of us waited around to see which; we just decamped on the double.

With the ammunition crackling all around, it sounded like a major military engagement. I have found out since that there is little danger from ammunition going off in this way but the dynamite was another matter; here was real danger.

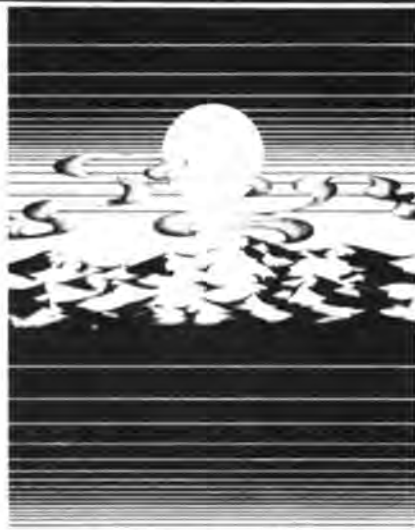
We got away with no casualties save burned hands, mostly mine, trying to get at the radio gear. We all well realized that the problem finally was going to be letting someone know of our situation. It was not good and was going to get a lot worse as time passed, hence the maximum effort to try saving the radio gear. It's funny the things one recalls. I remember very well screaming at the top of my lungs, "just the transmitter! just the transmitter! don't bother with anything else! Get the transmitter out!"

What a hope; everything went! I lost just about everything and so did Slim. Oddly enough not all of the tents went; one sleeping tent and the cookhouse remained and praise the blessed Lord the generator was completely without damage.

Slim immediately called a council of war to assess our situation and plan a course of action. It was clear that we had to have supplies and most of all sleeping bags and clothing. Bear in mind most of us had only the clothes in which we stood and only one sleeping bag, and not too much food and not ammunition. Even if we had ammunition the guns looked a sorry mess after the fire.

The possibility of one or perhaps two men walking out to the nearest settlement which I think was Fort Rae a distance of about a hundred and twenty-five miles through the bush, was discussed. For two men to undertake the march was ruled out immediately because we just didn't have the supplies. Finally this plan was set aside for later activation as an extreme measure. Slim then asked me about the possibility of using some sort of lash up radio gear produced out of the ashes as it were; I remember him so well saying "Just like the movies Charlie!"

We could see that we really didn't have too much hope. All of us had seen the remains by this time, and there wasn't much. I tried to put my best foot forward by saying that at least we had the 110 volts AC supply intact along with sufficient gasoline to keep it going for quite a while and we had the wire in the dynamite exploder HT coils



Story—Fight for Survival

This is a story of a radioman's fight against unbelievable odds in the bush country of Canada's Northwest Territories, where weather, terrain and the hazards of an unforgiving land nearly brought disaster and death. The expert use made of damaged gear after being nearly destroyed by fire; exhausted power supply and other unbelievable hardships in sub-zero weather and against raging elements make this story of a radioman's survival with that of his companions, read like fiction. We are reprinting this story by permission of 'CAAF' and THE CANADIAN AMATEUR from their July/August 1980 issue. The Author is Charles L. Skelding (VE3ABZ) who perigrinates most of the summer in his boat. Editor Doug Burrill (VE3CDC) caught him at his home base just before leaving on another quest on Canadian Waterways.

"JAWS" -- Joint Arctic Weather Station at Eureka N.W.T., Established 1947 in the Canadian North (Another story coming soon.) Picture by John Gilbert in 1957.



FLAMES IN THE SNOW



and maybe I could turn out some sort of spark signal. I said it but I didn't believe it.

It was the middle of the afternoon, darkness was falling and the interminable snow made everyone just that much more miserable. I started to cover the now-cooling remains of the radio gear, figuring that we would have a real search by daylight for anything that could even remotely help us get on the air with a call for help. A tube or a crystal or power transformer, especially a tube I reflected morosely as I pulled a loose piece of canvas over the remains, even should we be fortunate enough to salvage all of these things which is unlikely, it was going to take a heap of luck to get a signal out.

Better to look on the bright side I thought as I made my way back towards the cookhouse, we still had the primary power supply, it was untouched, the antennas likewise. These were positives at any rate, with these thoughts so to bed. What a night. I think the temperature got down around ten below zero and that searching wind was an icy blast, it seemed to send drafts everywhere, and that cookhouse floor, I can still feel those saplings carving furrows across my back even as I write about it. Finally I gave up and got up.

By first-light I got out to the ruins and started placing aside anything that even faintly resembled a useful radio part. We appeared to have been very strong on glass type tubes so that even the ones I did come across had their glass envelopes collapsed by the heat. There was one 6L6 that did not seem to be too bad, though it did show signs of heat collapse. Anyway, my spirits rose a couple of points. About then I came across two crystal holders; the one was badly cooked and I discarded it out of hand, the other didn't seem to be too badly off and with feverish haste I took off the top plate.

Wonder of wonders, the crystal was intact and, more importantly, it was the emergency or calling frequency for the Northwest Territories. I believe it was 4355 kc or something near that.

Well, with a little more of this kind of luck we may have something here yet. The receiver that we had been using was an National NC 101Z, housed in a steel cabinet. I located the remains of the receiver without difficulty but it seemed to have really suffered from the heat,

with melted solder all over. When I had pried open the lid the power transformer seemed to be in fair shape and the rectifier tube, a 280, seemed OK as well.

I got a handful of half-baked resistors and condensers plus a tuning condenser out of the transmitter and with this lot I went up to the cookhouse and set to. Drat the luck, no electric soldering iron; oh well, do the same as Heinrich Hertz had done and use a soldering copper heated on a charcoal burner. One of the lads, I think it was Pete Johnson, made me a charcoal burner out of a half a tin can and I was in business. The power supply was easy. That good old National receiver power transformer and rectifier worked first class in spite of their ordeal. I believe we salvaged a choke as well thus giving us HT of a sort, not necessarily pure D.C., and of course six volts for the filaments.

Now for the transmitter; what sort of circuit was I going to use, that was the first decision. Of course it had to be the tried and true Tritet circuit, mainly because I had a 59 and PP 46 rig at home and knew my way around the circuit pretty well. The tuned circuits were not too hard to hit because the transmitter procelain coil forms came through the fire in fair shape and in a couple of cases, the wire as well. I carefully made the thing up checking as I proceeded and finally all set to try. No joy! Check all again and try once more.-

Same result, deader than a mackerel.

Now let's get down to business on this thing, this circuit is not all that complex; Filament OK, H.T. definitely there, ouch! Circuit seems OK but still no sign of RF. I was checking for it with the tip of a lead pencil, not very sophisticated in the light of neon bulbs, plate meter dips etc. but effective and available. What to do? think, think, think; it had to be the crystal, then again it could be that stove-in 6L6 as after all its envelope was almost touching the plate.

Well, no use sitting here dreaming about it, clearly the crystal had to be cleaned. Clean that crystal, I surely did, and then cleaned it some more. I cleaned it with everything I thought might do the trick, soap and water, gasoline, lighter fluid all to no avail, the thing just would not put out. All of this while I had more than an ordinarily interested audience whose faith in radio in general and me in particular was rapidly fading. So, the end of

another day.

That night we didn't even try to sleep, we didn't even turn in in the usual sense but sat around the cook stove and dozed. I did plenty more thinking. The more I thought about it the more it became clear that crystal control, with all of its advantages had to go. I was going to have to try a self-excited rig of some sort and more or less decided that the old-fashioned TNT would be it. I started work by first light to change over from the attempted crystal control circuit to the TNT, not without some misgivings about how I would get on the proper frequency. Oh well, first things first let's get some honest RF out of the thing and then start to worry about frequency of output. I strapped the plate and the screen of the 6L6 together to convert it into a triode figuring that since we had eliminated the crystal now for the tube.

There's not much to the TNT circuit as everyone knows, and with any luck at all one can usually get some sort of a squawk out of the thing. Getting on the right frequency was another matter again. Right frequency, there's the rub I thought, what a hope; oh well, someone is bound to hear me somewhere--this was wishful thinking of the most optimistic sort. I was using a screw driver and a hammer head as key contacts suitably connected of course, and checking for RF with my lead pencil. Easy does it; watch the plate of that precious 6L6 we can't just run down to the drug store and get another one if I should melt the plate of this one. No fear, the plate remained as black as always, but sure enough I heard before I saw the tell tale 'sputt, sputt' of that lovely RF on the end of the pencil.

She was oscillating alright and we were on the air on God knows what frequency between 1.7 and 17 megacycles. It was at this point that I got another break. Pete Johnson produced that little radio that I had made up for Jack Barker back in Edmonton and wondered if I could do anything with the parts. Jack and Pete had been partners in the field and Jack had left the little radio with Pete over the freeze-up. Pete told me that it didn't work and he had forgotten all about it until he saw me literally scratching the earth for radio parts. He couldn't understand my elation, but clearly this was the answer to my pressing problem of getting on the right frequency. The little set had plug in coils and I had calibrated the dial with the aircraft and emergency

frequencies clearly marked; here was my wavemeter and maybe just maybe, a receiver as well.

I had the lads round up all the flashlight batteries in camp figuring that likely the only thing wrong with it would be the filament battery having gone dead. It didn't draw much current from the B battery but the filament drain was high at two volts and made use of a rheostat to control the three volts from the two flashlight cells. I brought out two short leads from the tuned circuit and wired a flashlight bulb in series and then started the tedious task of getting that lame duck TNT onto the Northwest Territories Signal service emergency calling frequency. Hand capacity was my biggest problem but finally about two in the afternoon I had the thing quite close to where I thought 4355 kcs should be according to that wavemeter.

Then another brain storm. Why not take out all of the filter in the power supply and put raw AC on the plate of the 6L6, this would surely make the signal broad enough so that an error of a few kilocycles would make little difference. No sooner said than done. I was hoping very much to get on the air in time for the afternoon traffic roll call at 1600 hours which would be the final one for that day. With an hour in hand I took a second look at that receiver of Jack Barker's that was now doubling as a wavemeter. Sure enough, when I had replaced the filament batteries it came to life and I was able to hear signals, it had a very smooth regeneration control and I was surprised at how hot the little thing was in spite of

the microphonics. Boy, the tension was sure building up as 4 p.m. approached and I prepared to do or die.

A little before four I heard Don Jorgenson open up from Yellowknife calling Gordon Lake for traffic. This was my cue, I had all in readiness and immediately tapped out SOS and my emergency message, using the screw driver tapping the hammer head and prayed it would be armchair copy. Marconi never had a thrill quite like that one because Don came right back and I recall is very words: "OK, CY7F received, understand that you have been burned out and require urgent assistance." This guy had plenty of savvy, I'll say that for him, and I often wonder where he is today. That was all there was to it. Needless to say radio was completely vindicated and the boys were most generous with their congratulations.

At that point though, I don't think even Slim quite knew just how this urgent assistance was going to be rendered. Joe Benkhe at Gordon Lake was right on there and he had copied the emergency message at the same time as Don; within minutes Jack Barker and the pilots had the story. They queried us on ice conditions and open water possibilities. There was open water in the middle of the lake but was quite a piece away; there was a place at a narrows though three miles to the north of camp. Here the current was strong enough to keep the water from freezing; Slim suggested that they use this spot and we would rendezvous with them. Followed a list of stuff to carry us over freeze-up.



WHERE SURVIVAL DEPENDS ON RADIO CONTACT



Jack Barker told me later that they had intended pulling the last remaining airplane out of the water the following day for the change over to skis. In other words if we hadn't made contact right then the relief would have been further complicated and most certainly delayed. As it turned out Jack Barker and Charlie Lloyd came up the next day with most of the stuff we had requested. Jack Tibbet and Bill Campbell went up and met the boys. The transfer of the gear was made very smoothly and the plane left immediately to go back to Gordon Lake.

Along with the other stuff they had very thoughtfully included a couple of bottles of cheer in the form of Hudson's Bay rum. This was no ordinary rum even in those days and we enjoyed a convivial evening and sang a few songs. They had also sent some of the radio parts I required, a couple of crystals and two 6L6s plus a spare army Marconi receiver. I forget the type number but I recall it had the tuning meter operating on its side, sort of a drum type meter.

We were now back in business. We lost no time in erecting new quarters and I got busy and built up a crystal oscillator P.A. using the gear at hand to tide us over until air traffic got going again with the advent of thicker ice.

You may think that is all, but no, don't go away, there is more to the story of this fugitive radio enthusiast from southern Ontario. A week following the arrival of the relief airplane we had visitors into camp in the persons of Charlie Schwerdt, Sleepy Jim Macdonald, and Tommy Morimoto. I get news of Charlie now and then through his brother Pete, Jim Macdonald I have never heard from since, Tommy is now a chemical engineer with an oil refinery in Calgary.

Anyway these guys dropped into camp one afternoon saying that they had been the country some little time and were in fact members of a party headed by an individual who, for obvious reasons I will call Harry Outflow. This is the only name in this narrative that is fictitious, however there was nothing fictional about this person.

It appeared that they had heard of our Company's find and had come along to tie on to our claims just in case we had something good. The visitors told a harrowing tale about Outflow due to mental strain or whatever, going berserk, telling them he had supernatural powers and to prove his point tried to walk on top of the hot stove which had promptly

burned him so badly that even now he was laid up at their camp ten miles north completely round the bend, as the saying goes. These lads did not share their boss' religious convictions because they had taken his incapacity as an opportunity to decamp and head down lake to where they had seen our airplane land and take off only recently. They also told us that Outflow was armed with a rifle having a hair trigger with which he tried to force them to hold impromptu prayer meetings.

"This is just fine," I thought. "This is all I need; first a fire and now a nut running around loose with a loaded rifle just dying to send all and sundry to heaven, with a hair trigger yet." Slim said 'OK fellows we have radio contact with Yellowknife, we will send a message to the RCMP and have them come in and apprehend the nut. The RCMP at Yellowknife in those days consisted of one man, Constable Macdonald, no relation to Sleepy Jim by the way. This was to be sent on the following day. Fine. All satisfied, all went to bed including the guests. Clearly these fellows had sadly underestimated the perseverance of their boss because at the break of dawn the following morning Outflow showed up, gun and all. He was a big man and looked very wild indeed. We were at breakfast when he appeared and all of us tried to be nonchalant while Slim took him by the arm and asked if he would like some coffee.

Meanwhile all I could think of was how the heck am I going to get out of there with the message without the nut noticing. He accepted the coffee but he wanted everyone to pray and without waiting for the rest of us to join in he started. While this was going on I took the shortest route out; I was praying alright but it was to get that doggoned message away to VEM Yellowknife and at least let the RCMP in on the fun. Of course this had to be the one time that the generator would not start. As it turned out I had let the gasoline get low and this turned out to be the trouble.

I found out later that while I was filling it up that Outflow seemed to be almost normal and Jack Tibbet said that as far as he could see earlier reports about him had been greatly exaggerated. Anyway, this was the general impression, so the boys and Slim went about their work and took Outflow's party with them, they being curious to see what we had discovered in the line of gold. Max Shemko and I were left in camp with Outflow.

I got the station on the air and was busy calling up Yellowknife when into the tent stepped Outflow. I well remember he looked huge as he stooped to get into the tent opening. My eyes were rivetted on that rifle which he gripped so hard you could easily see his white knuckle bones. He handed me a message and said, "Here, send this right away and mind what I say kid, you send it just as I have it set down. I can read the morse code, so remember, no tricks, I don't want those Boys Scouts nosing around here. I'm on to something big and I don't want any trouble with the law". He must have known that a move would be afoot to have him taken into protective custody.

All sorts of possibilities flashed through my mind, I wondered why he didn't smash up the equipment and thus ensure we would send nothing out about his whereabouts. Of course if he had done that the very silence of the station would have brought an investigation pronto. I thought, well, if this be madness sure and there's some method in it. My soliloquy was shattered when he said, "what are you waiting for, get busy and remember what I said, I'm right here and you'll get the business with this the first sign of any hanky-panky such as changing my message for something else, understand boy?" and he slapped the butt of the gun just for emphasis. I forget just what I said in reply, probably 'yes Sir I mean no Sir' or something like that; I was plenty scared I can tell you. Well... what to do? One thing for sure, I had better not let him see the message that Slim had composed. I figured the only thing to do was to find out if he really did know the morse code like he said he did; that was it, I had to call his bluff on the code angle. I took his message, counted it and told him the charges. "You'll get your money alright, just send that message" and again he made some reference to the Boy-Scouts. He seemed to have a fixation on the RCMP hat. I gave a few experimental taps on the key, there was absolutely no hope of any silent sending as that National receiver power transformer that I was using in the plate supply had a severe case of loose laminations as a result of its heat ordeal and I needed no keying monitor. You could hear that transformer grunting away in time to the keying twenty feet from the shack. Anyone that knew the code could read everything that was being transmitted. I got busy and called up Joe. He came right back, said he had nothing and asked me how everything was going. I chewed the fat with him for a few minutes and then told him I had an important message for Yellowknife and was going to wait until I could get it into VEM direct. At this Joe stood by and I turned to wait until I could get it into VEM direct. At this Joe stood by and I turned to the nut who seemed to be listening intently, and said OK Mister, your message is on its way.

It was a long moment until he said "Good enough, that should hold the fatherless sons for awhile". For a religious nut he had an interesting turn of phrase I thought, but one thing for sure he didn't know the

morse code, at least not the morse code that we were using. I immediately called Yellowknife and gave the urgency signal which got quick action from Don Jorgenson on phone. I lost no time in telling him the situation and asked him to can the phone and get on CW. The message from Slim went to Constable Macdonald right away. He sent a reply straight away back to Slim saying he was charting a Canadian Airways airplane and would be standing by for a report on landing conditions at the campsite, the message ending with "try to disarm but do not antagonize". Oh brother!

The temperature had been falling steadily day-by-day and Alim and all the experienced lads agreed that there was plenty of ice for a landing. This was duly forwarded to Constable Macdonald whose final word was, "leaving by first light". All of us wondered just how Constable Macdonald was going to cope. Outflow was hanging on to that gun and there was little doubt in anyone's mind that he would use it.

We certainly kept Outflow in the dark about all these preparations and he occupied himself for the balance of that day talking to his troops and trying to convince them that they should return to camp with him. There was a decided lack of enthusiasm but they, being privy to developments, tried to humour him.

The following day dawned cold and clear, and operation RCMP got underway. It was an anticlimax really. About eleven o'clock a Canadian Airways Norseman arrived. The pilot was Jack Crosby, who I believe is now operations manager for a west coast airline. I don't remember who Jack's air engineer was but the only passenger was Constable Macdonald. Good Lord, I thought is he out of his mind, where's the posse.

I don't think he had his full uniform on, it being very cold but there was no doubt from his manner and bearing that he was a police officer. After briefly conferring with Slim he walked straight up to Outflow (the rest of us were peering out from behind trees) and said, "Alright Harry, you and I are going on a little trip but first you must hand over your gun, you know you can't shoot ptarmigan out of season". At this, Outflow, meek as a lamb, handed over his gun and went along with Macdonald.

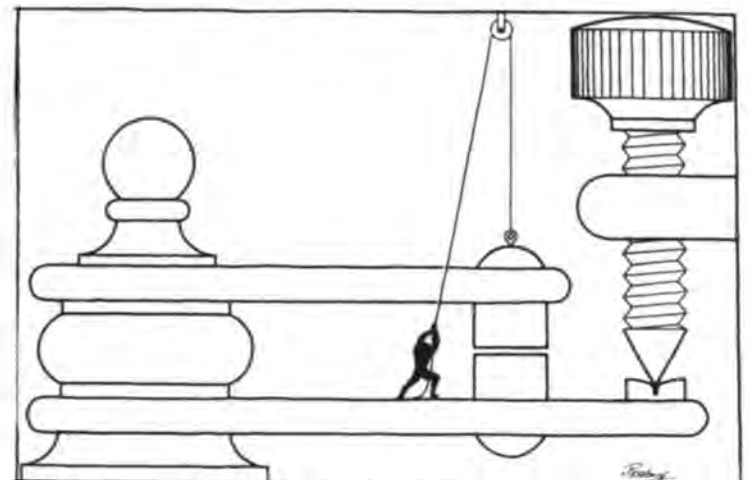
They climbed on to the airplane, Jack took off and that was that. A short time later I heard that Outflow had spent some time under observation but had made a complete recovery and after some further time in hospital had gone back into the North to look for his mine. I hope he found it.

Following this episode I sat back and drew a deep breath and waited for word as to when we would be going from hence. I didn't have long to wait. About the middle of December Slim passed the word to the Toronto office that nothing useful could be accomplished by keeping the crew at Wray and requested permission to move everyone out until the following Spring. We spent a feverish couple of days building caches to store the useable gear, canoes etc. I wrapped up the generator after first having coated it with old engine oil and put it fondly into cold storage; it had performed faithfully and well. The receiver went back to the Signal Corps from where we had borrowed it and as for the transmitter I decided not to do anything with it. I walked out of the place without even a backward glance.

A long time later I found out that Canadian Airways Ltd. fell heir to that camp and all that was in it. Years later, Harry Hardham the chief radio man for Airways, told me that they found everything just as I had left it complete with badly scorched bug that I had rebuilt after things got more or less normal after the fire; that is between the fire and the nut episode. Naturally on the way home we had to stop one night in Yellowknife. I took the opportunity to go up to VEM and have a visit with Sid McCaulley and Don Jorgenson. They had a message for me from old Joe Benkhe at Gordon Lake the text of which I can still remember. "So long big boy, don't get singed, see you in the Spring". Well, Joe's sentiments were certainly well intentioned, however I have never been any further North than the city of Edmonton since. Thank goodness.

CRQDHF

Charles L. Skelding VE2ABZ
2249 Swallow Ave.
Dorval PQ H9S 2K4
(ex VE4CV, VE5CV, VE3ADU)



Think Big! Think Communications

SOCIETY OF WIRELESS PIONEERS



INTRODUCING THE "SOWP INTERCOM"

The first issue of this new SOWP publication will be similar in size to the SPARKS JOURNAL. It will be of tabloid size and format will be somewhat similar. It may not carry as many pages as the JOURNAL and it is possible we will print it on regular newsprint instead of book stock since cost is a prime factor and the need to preserve the publications is not as great as on the JOURNAL which has become a Historical Document.

We will use a format similar to a NEWSLETTER. It is designed to keep members better posted on news about our Society - the Chapters, our Society Amateur Nets; The slop chest items available and details about them. Also it will record the new members, changes of address and a Necrology listing of all Silent Keys. The news to be carried will be quite similar to recent issues of the JOURNAL named the "GLASS ARM" and "STATIC ROOM" editions.

It may be remembered that our Chapters furnished considerable news for these issues - much used without recopy. This is a fine idea as there is a great amount of work attached to editing, layout and make-ready for each issue.

Mr. Fred Rosebury, Assistant Editor has agreed to edit the new publication and to work it up so that it will be ready for publication. Actual printing and distribution will still be made from Santa Rosa.

The working up of each issue, as mentioned above, takes a colossal amount of work so it will be necessary to cut our Assistant Editor's workload as much as possible. It is requested that each Chapter arrange to write up the "News and Happenings" and send it to Editor Rosebury in such manner little work is required except to work it into the layout, etc. These releases can follow the standard pattern and style. Specs. for copy being 5-1/2 inches wide, single space, using dark type or carbon ribbon on white paper. It would help if Chapter copy would be pre-edited for spelling etc., before sending to Mr. Poebuck, to reduce his work load. Also illustrations or pictures to go with articles would be welcome.

It might be mentioned that while some pictures hold a great deal of interest, they have yellowed with age over the years and may not reproduce very good. Good clear sharp pictures can always be used if the subject is of considerable interest. Please do not send pictures of objects or individuals so far away they can not be recognized. Do not send group pictures unless those in the picture can be identified because there is little point in publishing pictures we can not tell the "who, when, why's. Another point is PLEASE put your name and address on the back of all pictures so we can give proper credit (and return if we are requested to do so). Also a caption telling about the picture would assist a great deal.

We plan to publish the SOWP INTERCOM semi-annually. The first issue scheduled for March 15 1981. Notice to CHAPTERS & NETS: Please have your copy to Mr. Roebuck by Feb. 1 1981. His QTH is as follows:

MR. FRED ROSEBURY
133 BEACON STREET
NATICK, MASS. 01760
Phone: 617/653-1236

Members are encouraged to report illness and other type of news about themselves or other shipmates. Since space in the INTERCOM will be limited, brief or summarize your articles as much as possible.

The second issue of INTERCOM will be scheduled for Oct. 1 1981. The publication will be mailed from Santa Rosa as THIRD CLASS MATTER on our Postal Permit. Leave your stories for the SPARKS JOURNAL, especially those recording "SOS" transmissions, or any long, out of the ordinary event. We hope in time to increase the mailing of SPARKS JOURNAL to a bi-monthly publication. If these plans finalize, members will be receiving quite a bonus in their SOWP membership. The cooperation of all is needed however to achieve our objectives. Let us count on you.

SLOP CHEST ITEMS

We have a circular which illustrates and furnishes details on the SOWP 'Slop Chest' supplies stocked. Most all items are in stock as listed. We no longer plan to stock the No. 2 RED (Large) labels as it seems nearly all members order the small one (2-A). It may also be noted that due to increasing cost of labels we will slightly reduce the quantity of labels furnished for \$1.00. The Society's new pin (\$3.50) has produced many fine comments and endorsements by those who have purchased them.

ABOUT SOWP QSL CARDS

RUSPRINT has been approved by the Society as the authorized printer of the Society's QSL cards. We have received some very complimentary reports about them - their product (SOWP QSL CARDS) and their service. We feel that you can deal with them with confidence.

Please write RUSPRINT - P.O. BOX 7575, North Kansas City, MO. 64116 for their catalogue and quotations. They will furnish it without delay. Do not send copy or funds to the Society as it only delays your order. You will find the two styles of cards RUSPRINT supplies. Regretfully, the red color does not show up on these samples. We also will be glad to furnish a copy of their special price sheet on SOWP cards upon request.

PLEASE HELP PUBLICIZE THE SOCIETY

Every member of SOWP who is an active amateur operator can help us publicize our Society. There are still many eligible members who are not aware that we exist. We need to make them aware.

A simple way to achieve this is by every amateur member simply asking every new contact if he (or she) has ever been a professional brass-pounder? Regardless of the answer, our members can mention that they are members of SOWP and are looking for others who are or were professional CW operators. If the response is positive, it is the perfect opening for a little SOWP publicity. Who knows, you may recruit a new member. But - even if you don't, you will have helped spread the word about the Society.

(Suggested by V.P. P&R - William C. Willmot)

HIGH SPEED CODE TESTS

The next test tentatively by W. Conley Smith (K6DYX-Smitty) has been scheduled for SUNDAY, APRIL 12 1981. It will start at 7:30 7:30 PACIFIC TIME on 3690 and 7025 KHz. Speed tests will range from 40 through 60 WPM. Practice sessions each Sunday night at the same time and frequencies. It is possible (but not yet confirmed) that George Hart, W1NJM will join and run the same test at the same time on other frequencies for East Coast coverage. More on this later.

MAKING IT SO WORTH WHILE

Quite often we receive a letter which tells us that our efforts are deeply appreciated. Such is one from the daughter of member Michael Schirk of Apple Valley California who recently became a Silent Key. The letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Breniman:
This is to inform you of the death of Michael Schirk who was recently awarded a Lifetime membership. I feel you should know how the Society enriched Dad's life. He enjoyed his correspondence with you and looked forward to the annual dinner meeting. He looked forward to the time he might be the eldest attending member. However, at 91 cancer beat him out of attaining that desire. If all of the members have as much pride and pleasure in the organization it shall always thrive.. Thanks for giving him much pleasure. Sincerely, Elizabeth Powell, Daughter."

In the same mail comes a note with check for 1981 dues which reads as follows: "Dear Bill: Enclosed is a \$10.00 check for my 1981 dues. How can anyone get so much for just ten bucks ?!"

This is what the Society is all about.



'CLEARING THE HOOK'



OR

"IT'S FOR THE BIRDS"



As We
Go To
Press



A few "Dots & Dashes"
from The Ancient Mariner

SEASON'S GREETINGS



MX-HNY

We would like to take this occasion to acknowledge and thank the many members who have addressed Holiday cards and greetings to us which are very much appreciated.

The Officers, Board of Governors and Staff, in turn, wish to extend our best wishes to all shipmates as we begin a new year. Our annual

calendar will be in the mail shortly. It is our way of wishing you all a wonderful year in 1981.

Membership in the Society continues to climb apace, although a bit slower than 1979. Nearly 400 members joined in 1980 - thanks to recruiting effort of our members and of course 'anchormen' John Elwood, Bill Willmot and many others. A debt of gratitude!

I am very grateful for the wonderful memories the past year has brought. There is a brotherhood among wireless men that runs strong and deep. Ours is a legacy of deeds and valor - and the heritage of many who have brought honor to our craft, enriching the world with their progressive ideas and the ambition to help their fellow men.

William A. Breniman
Founder & Executive Secretary.

Dues for 1981 NOW DUE PLEASE READ

We would like to draw the attention of members to the fact that 1981 DUES should be mailed in without delay. This will help to cut down considerable yeoman work in notifying, postage, etc.

The 1981 DUES ARE \$10.00. You can pay for the 3-years (1981-1982-1983) at one time for \$25.00 - a savings to you of \$5.00. A one-shot payment such as this saves a lot of time and record keeping and is well worth our while.

We do have some unforeseen expenses - prime example is the addition of 4 more ZIP CODE LETTERS by the Post Office. This will mean that we will have to rewrite all of our tab cards which are used in two address systems. It is estimated that the cost will be over one thousand dollars. Also we hope to bring you 3 books this year in addition to the JOURNAL. They are SPARKS IV, SOWP AMATEUR CALL BOOK and the WIRELESS ALMANAC. You will receive far more than the cost of your annual dues so we invite members who can afford to respond generously. Thanks.

IF YOU HAVE PAID your 1981 dues (or additional years) we thank you. Some members have sent advance payments of \$7.50 for 1981 dues. We will credit to a/c. HOWEVER, the dues for 1981 are \$10.00 which has been published on several occasions. In such cases \$2.50 is still due as balance on the 1981 dues. TU.

RE: EXTRA COPIES SPARKS JOURNAL

Quite frequently requests are made for additional copies of the SPARKS JOURNAL. Considering the cost of publishing the Journal plus postage and other incidentals, we will send additional copies to MEMBERS @ \$1.50 each which about covers our expenses. JOURNALS to others @ \$2.00 each IF WE HAVE THEM AVAILABLE.

STATUS OF PUBLICATIONS

We have scheduled publication of the SOWP AMATEUR CALL BOOK for February. It will be updated to January 1 1981 or later. SPARKS IV - We hope to get it out by the last of March. INTERCOM (SOWP) We hope to have this semi-annual out on or about March 15th 1981. The second copy about October 1st. Mr. Fred Rosebury has consented to edit and do most of the work relating to publishing. It will be the same format as the JOURNAL but perhaps fewer pages - depending upon material on hand.

KYLE E. THOMPSON—HONORED

We wish again to publically thank Member Kyle Thompson for furnishing the Banner Heading you see at top of Page One. We plan to retain it as the permanent heading for the paper. A FINE JOB!

DELAYS OF CORRESPONDENCE

This is a subject which brings your Executive Secretary much personal anguish not to have the time to answer hundreds of letters from friends, due to the demands of the Society's workload - just not enough hours in my day. We had hoped to reassign some of the workload and mitigate the problem at H.Q. but while we have some plans for early 1981, we have no concrete program which will magically resolve the problem. We have hopes that some of our local members will "pick up a piece of the action" in the near future. Spread over a number of individuals, I am sure it would work out. I plan to invite area members to discuss the problem shortly after the first of the year. More about it later.
Bill Breniman



Our Wavelength is Brotherly Love

Like **MEMBERSHIP..**
It doesn't COST: It PAYS!

WIRELESS - THE "KEY" TO ADVENTURE! - READ ON...



"Well, Chief," I remarked. "We're on our way again."
Dalglish's shrewd Scottish features relaxed into a grin. "Aye, Sparks," he replied, "but I dinna like the way they've piled the cargo up on us. Never did care for timber aboard a ship, anyway!"

"They might at least have left enough deck-space for us to move around," I said.

"Aye, weel; we canna do anything about it, laddie."

Mr. Dalglish was inclined to be philosophic, in the canny way of the Scot. He had six assistant engineers to help him run his twin Diesels—two men to a watch, and all of them Scotsmen. The rest of the crew were East Indian Lascars, signed on at Calcutta, with the exception of the members of the steward's department, who were Goanese from Portuguese India.

Whilst we were standing there talking the X— entered the open waters of Puget Sound. Suddenly, as her helm was put hard-over to bring

her on to her course, she gave a deep, unnatural roll. Chief and I lost our footing, grabbing for a hold on the lifelines rigged across our deck-cargo. From the ship's kitchen arose the clatter of falling pots and pans, intermingled with the high-pitched cursing of the Goanese cooks. Doors slammed, crockery crashed and tinkled; metallic clings sounded from the engine-room as if steel tools were being spilled on the floorplates.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Dalglish, as the ship steadied herself. "We'll be catching Hades crossing the Pacific as 'tender' as this! I'm going down below to take a look-see, Sparks."

As the Chief remarked, the ship was certainly very "tender," which meant that her centre of gravity had been raised by the lightness and bulk of her cargo. A ship carrying iron ore will be only half-full, yet cannot load

"Let go aft!" someone bellowed, and our stern lines collapsed into the harbour's quiet water with a lazy splash. "Slow astern," ordered the pilot p on the bridge.

"Slow astern, sir," repeated our Third Mate, and swung over the engine-room telegraph.

There was a hiss of steam from down below, a puff of smoke from our squat, yellow-painted funnel, and the X— trembled into wakefulness. Her twin Diesel engines picked up their steady throb, her propellers churned the water into froth, and she moved slowly and proudly away from the wharf.

As our bows headed towards the Puget Sound our Chief Engineer, Mr. Dalglish clambered up from the engineers' alleyway on to our deck-cargo; I stepped down from the boat-deck and stood by his side. The X— was a flush-deck ship, and the deck-cargo was stowed and lashed level with the boat-deck both forward and aft. The heavy pine-baulks were even packed solidly into the outside alleyways, which meant that all hands would have to walk the lower-bridge and boat-deck to get from one end of the vessel to the other.

+ CONTINUED ON PAGE 18 +

"Flung themselves desperately at the nearby rigging."

TYPHOON WARNING

"We're in for a bit of a blow," announced the Captain—and so it proved. This vivid narrative, related by the Radio Officer of a British freighter, will give landlubbers some idea of what a Pacific typhoon can mean to a ship with a deck-load of timber.

By ALEXANDER MACLAREN

was nearly all battened down in chain-lashings, tightened with hammered-in wooden wedges, to which the final touches were being given. We had been ordered to sail at noon for Yokohama, in far-distant Japan, and already a fussy self-important tugboat had snuggled herself against the X—'s side, the seamy-faced skipper leaning through his pilot-house window chewing tobacco.

The heavy thudding of carpenters' hammers and mallets gradually ceased. The lumbermen began to leave in single file, passing down our gangway to stand around on the wharf with that strangely-human desire to watch a ship sail out to sea.

At last the final farewells were over; officials and office people followed the remaining stevedores ashore. Then came the creaking of blocks and tackle as the sailors hauled up the gangway and made it fast to the rail.

IN the early spring of 1933 the motor-vessel X—, of 6,000 gross tons, hailing from Glasgow, Scotland, was berthed at Bellingham, Oregon, U.S.A., taking on a full cargo of heavy Oregon and Washington timber. The massive-shouldered lumberjacks struggled mightily with huge baulks of yellow-new sawn pine, measuring forty to sixty feet in length. The sky was a cloudless expanse of clear greyish-blue; there was a sharp, invigorating wind, bringing with it flecks of winter's lingering snow.

A general atmosphere of hurrying energy hovered over our ship, for now our deck-cargo

SOS-CQD



EDITION

This issue of the SPARKS JOURNAL will be the first of several that will bring you the experiences of Society members who were commanded to send CQD or SOS calls for help when ships or aircraft they were on were experiencing emergencies. We have many such episodes in our files that need to be retold and retained for posterity. There are many other stories that have reached our files that need to be retold. In addition to the reports of our members, we are also including that portion of the SOS/COD RECORD that was not published in the last PORTS O' CALL. The entries in this issue of the JOURNAL run from World War II until 1975.

We recognize it is incomplete but it is a starting point. We plan to complete our records and reprint all the supplemental information received since the original publication of Part I in our "PORTS O' CALL, as noted above.

It is with great sense of pride that we list members of our own Society and all others of our "Clan" who have maintained the traditions of the sea (and military) by sticking to their post/s even as ships were sinking under them or their position became untenable.

SPARKS JOURNAL

★★★★★★ The "Wireless" - Our Proud Heritage! ★★★★★★

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Key [SK = Silent Key, SGP = Spark Gap Pioneers, P = Pioneers,
V = Veteran, M = Member, Sparks = Worked at Sea]

- (SK) Ed Raser, W2ZI, Radio Pioneer, Sparks, SOWP #35-SGP
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- (SK) Dare Robinson, WB2EVA, Sparks, SOWP #2284-SGP
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